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THE MAGAZINE OF SEXUAL MARVELS

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PENTHOUSE Letters



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SALUTATIONS



If you're looking for hot, racy tales of wild wives, submissive lovers, too-hot-to-handle cougars or girl-on-girl action, you've most definitely come to the right place.

Each and every letter in the March issue of *Penthouse Letters* tells a story so scintillating and dirty, it'll have you thinking about trying some of these scenarios out yourself.

And why wouldn't you? What guy wouldn't want a hot, more experienced woman to suck his cock? How about taking a stroll down a darker path, where whips and chains excite? Or are you "up" for

A woman with dark hair is lying on her side on a bed, looking towards the camera. She is wearing a dark, strapless top. The bed has a brown, quilted blanket and a white, fluffy pillow. The background shows a wooden headboard and a patterned curtain. The title "It's Always Hot In Here!" is written in a large, stylized, red font with a yellow outline, slanted upwards to the right.

It's Always Hot In Here!

some lesbian action? Hey, these fine fillies know exactly how to please a woman, and they're not shy about it—no, sir!

So just get comfy and turn the page. There are a lot of letters ahead, and you won't be disappointed with any of them.

And if spring flings rev your engine, be sure to check out the March issue of *Variations*, on sale now. There's a special letter about a naughty trip to Ireland. Don't miss it!

Okay, faithful fans, it's time to delve into the rad and bad, bawdy and tawdry world of *Penthouse Letters*. Go to it!—The Editors

LETTERS



He loves to watch his wife with his friend. It's really cozy that way

Years ago, at my urging, when our sex life was flagging, my wife took a lover. She has been doing that regularly ever since, and things have been great between us.

Even in her 40s, Liz seems to attract men without much effort. She doesn't flaunt her sexuality, but men seem to pick up on the hidden message behind her smiling eyes. She only takes on one lover at a time, and never lets me join in. But she knows I love to watch secretly, and she seems to enjoy it when I tell her all about what I saw through the window blinds, or hiding in a closet.

Liz's current lover is Roberto, who happens to be an old friend of mine. Not long ago, while the kids were visiting their grandparents, Liz, Roberto and I spent a few days in a cozy old-fashioned cabin in the woods. On the way we stopped at a boat rental place by the lake and hired a rowboat for a few hours.

It was a beautiful summer day, so we were all wearing swimsuits. We set out with Roberto and I switching off on the oars, while Liz sat between us. It wasn't long before she got hot and asked if we minded if she took off her bikini top. Since there was hardly anyone around, we both said it was a great idea.

We stopped on a grassy island in the middle of the



lake for a picnic lunch. Sitting on the blanket, Liz decided to take off her bikini bottom as well. Talk about a memorable lunch! A guy paddling by in a canoe stared when he got a look at Liz. "Enjoy your lunch!" he shouted to us as he drifted past, and Roberto and I assured him that we would.

I was hoping that something would develop, but Liz just isn't into threesomes. I knew she was aware of the

tents on our swimsuits, but after lunch she just smiled and said we should be getting back. With that she ran back to the rowboat with her juicy boobs bouncing away and her fine ass beckoning us to follow her.

We rowed a bit more before heading back, enjoying the sun and the view. At one point we passed some college-age guys hiking along the shore. They hooted and whistled at our naked nymph, and she

flashed them a big grin as we rowed past.

By the time we had returned the boat and gotten back to our car it was getting dark, and we were now anxious to get to the cabin. Liz slipped into a short dress that she kept in the car, without bothering with underwear.

When we passed a burger joint a few miles down the road, we realized we were all really hungry, so we stopped again. Liz sat across from me in a booth, with Roberto next to her. She flashed me a couple of times, knowing how much I like seeing her naked pussy in public. It was another memorable meal—although I don't recall much about the food.

It was late when we got to the cabin, which turned out to be perfect, with one large bedroom and one small one, along with a good-size living room and kitchen. There was also a screened porch, from which we could see a few other cabins a little distance away.

We had decided that Roberto would get to sleep with Liz all night, since he rarely got the chance to do that. While we unloaded the car, I found a minute to remove the shade from the window of the large bedroom, and to open it a bit, so that I would be able to hear as well as see what went on inside.

It wasn't long before my wife and my friend retired to their room, and I settled into the small bedroom. I waited

as long as I could before tip-toeing out the front door and around the back to see what I could see. I was happy to see that they hadn't tried to fix the shade or close the window, and since it was a very dark night, I was able to lurk not far from the window without being seen.

The two of them were already on the bed, naked. I could see that Roberto's hard cock was about as long as mine, but much thicker. Liz was on her side, with him behind her. His head was between her ass cheeks, and the little slut was evidently getting a hell of an ass-licking. While his tongue probed her butthole, his hands were busy with her nipples.

It appeared that they were trying to be quiet, so as not to disturb me. Liz seemed to be keeping her panting and moaning as soft as possible. But when Roberto moved his head between her legs and began to lick her clitoris, her moaning got louder. I knew from her sounds that she was getting close. He soon rolled her onto her back and went down between her legs, arousing her to fever pitch. His head was blocking my view, but I had no trouble imagining what he was doing. His hands were all over her breasts, tweaking and twisting her erect nipples.

Whatever he was doing to her pussy must have been fabulous, because she was going wild. Her upper body levitated off the

bed, writhing like crazy. God, it looked hot!

Roberto kept licking and sucking her, and then, without losing contact with her luscious cunt, he swiveled around and brought his hard cock up to her mouth.

be seen from any of the other cabins. I was all set to shoot, but I paced myself so that I could come when they did.

Roberto clearly wanted to come in Liz's pussy. He withdrew from her mouth

tight ass. They were only about five feet from me, with just the window screen between us. I could even hear the slurping noise as my wife's dripping pussy expanded and contracted around his fat tool.



As she swallowed it I had to stifle a gasp of my own. Liz almost never sucked my cock; she always said she didn't like the taste of my jism. Obviously she didn't have that problem with him.

Now Roberto was straddling her head, pumping in and out of her mouth with long, slow strokes. I'd never seen her mouth stretched so wide. By now my shorts were around my ankles and I was working my own cock. I could only hope I couldn't

and turned around, then worked his meat into her love hole and started stroking in and out. His thrusts were so strong, they soon had the old iron bed banging against the wall. By now they had given up any effort to be quiet. In fact, Liz told me later that she was sure I would enjoy the racket.

It was an exquisite show I was getting as Roberto slammed his cock into her over and over. I had a fine view of his big balls and

After about 10 minutes Roberto's butt muscles tightened and released, and he let out a long, low groan as he pumped his come into my writhing wife. At that point I came too, spraying my seed all over the ground. Then I sneaked inside and tiptoed to my bed, where I slept soundly.

Our arrangement was that my sex-loving wife was to come to my bed the next morning, as soon as she had gotten her morning

PENTHOUSE Letters



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fuck from Roberto. Sure enough, I awoke to the sound of the iron bedstead hitting against the wall, creaking and groaning like crazy. Finally it stopped, and after a few minutes my door opened, and there was my naked wife, looking quite fetchingly pleased with herself.

My dick was already at full staff. I began by telling her to straddle my face, so I could get a mouthful of fresh come, which I always enjoy when she's been with her lover. Then I pushed her down until her pussy was over my cock, and as she sank down onto it I told her all about watching her the previous night.

Liz grinned and said I was a bad boy, and I agreed. She then asked if I had liked the show, and I said it was the hottest thing I had ever seen. Then I turned her over on her back and fucked her silly, piston-ing in and out of her over and over.

It was our turn to make some noise now, and I didn't hold back. I loved the sensation of my hard cock sloshing around in her sloppy cunt, filled with Roberto's come. I screwed her until we both came, and then it was time to get up for breakfast.

We didn't bother to get dressed. Roberto was already making coffee in the kitchen, and he was naked too. It was very sexy, with the three of us naked in the kitchen. I kept wondering if there might be a sexy young couple in one of the

neighboring cabins who might catch a glimpse of us.

My cock was still shiny and wet with Liz's and my juices, and I knew Roberto could see that. In spite of having recently fucked her, he and I both became half-hard, watching our lover strut around in the nude. We sat at the table on the screened porch and let Liz serve us. Although the porch was protected somewhat by trees, if the neighbors I was imagining looked our way, I figured they would definitely see us. But Liz didn't seem to care, and Roberto and I sure didn't.

I loved watching my wife's body in motion as she moved from the kitchen to the porch with coffee, eggs and toast. At one point she stopped in mid-stride and spread her legs for us, while a stream of our come, Roberto's and mine, flowed out of her pussy and dripped onto the floor. It was one of the sexiest things I had ever seen. And I reveled in the realization that the three of us had two more days together.

Recently I have begun to suspect that Liz is losing some interest in Roberto, although they still get together once or twice a week. They have still never shared a bed with me, or let me be in the room when they do it, but I am ever hopeful. Meanwhile I watch and listen when I can. I will truly miss Roberto when his time has passed, but I know that I will still be around to enjoy his replacement.—
T.F., Saint Cloud, Minnesota

His wife liked to show herself off, but just how far would she go?

As soon as we arrived on the island on the first day of our vacation, we headed for the beach. Since Janine was already feeling pretty frisky, I dared her to go to the topless beach south of town. She pretended to be reluctant, but I knew her too well to be fooled. She had been working out recently, and her body was nothing short of perfect. And I knew damn well that the better she looks, the more she likes to show it off. Early in our relationship I realized that Janine was an exhibitionist, and I really enjoy watching her display her body—and even tease other men.

My wife was really in her element when we got to the topless beach, parading around with her breasts bare in front of dozens of men. They swarmed around, trying to get close to her, and I didn't blame them. Just looking at her would make any man hard. It was a rush, watching guys chat her up and try to touch her surreptitiously. After a few hours of this, I knew her pussy must have been dripping.

In the late afternoon we wound up at the beachside bar at our hotel. The DJ was conducting a contest that involved some sexual antics, and would pay the winner \$250. Janine promptly announced that she was going to win the money, and sure enough,

when the DJ called for three hunky guys and three hot girls to play the game, she immediately volunteered.

The idea was that the guys and the girls would pair off. Each of the guys would start by disrobing his partner and applying suntan lotion to her various body parts, earning points along the way. The girl who let her partner go furthest would accumulate the most points, and thus win the contest.

Knowing my wife, the



only question in my mind was how far her rivals would be willing to go. The first one refused to play much, but the second was less inhibited, though still a bit reserved. When her hunk tried to remove her bikini top, she let him do it long enough to flash the bar crowd, but then covered up.

"My wife was really in her element when we got to the topless beach, parading around with her breasts bare in front of dozens of men"

sucking cock best. (And is she good at it!) But what she actually did was to put a glob of suntan lotion in one hand, then reach into his shorts and pull his dick free. Smiling broadly, she inspected it, felt it with her fingers, and then began to stroke it up and down, up and down, as the crowd cheered and egged her on.

At that point the DJ declared that Janine had won the grand prize. But both she and Leo—not to mention the crowd—were enjoying themselves so much that they didn't seem to want to stop. Finally she led Leo back to our table, all those hungry male eyes still on her as her hand kept dipping into his shorts.

Leo turned out to be a fun person, and after a couple of drinks we invited him to join us that night for dinner and some clubbing. He said he'd love to, and we agreed to meet at a local restaurant later on.

Back in our hotel room that evening, my mouth fell open when I saw what Janine was wearing to dinner. Her mesh halter top, worn without a bra, showed nearly all of her breasts, her perky nipples included. Beneath it her tight abs were fully exposed, and the tiny skirt riding high on her thighs showcased most of her luscious legs. With a pair of tall "fuck me" heels to finish off, she looked like a million bucks.

I couldn't help wondering just what she had in mind for the evening, but I got a pretty good idea when she



told me that something about the hot climate was making her extra horny, and asked me if I'd mind if she was Leo's tonight, as well as mine! I was too surprised to answer immediately, but she seemed to take my silence for assent as we walked out the door.

All through dinner, Leo was eating Janine up with his eyes. She giggled a lot, and touched and teased us both throughout the meal. Afterwards Leo suggested that instead of a club, we go to a strip joint he knew about. When Janine heard this she grinned and said she was sure she could hold her own with the local strippers. My dick got hard when I heard that, and I'm pretty sure Leo's did too.

The strip joint was a bit tawdry and not of the high-

"She caught my eye when she brazenly took off her top and her short skirt, then started giving Leo a lap dance right there at the table"

est class, but we found a table and settled in with some beers to watch the dancers. Some of them were sexy, but none were as fine as Janine. At one point I was watching a tall blonde dancer, so I didn't notice at first when Janine stood up. But she caught my eye when she brazenly took off her top and her short skirt, then started giving Leo a lap dance right there at the table.

Janine is an awesome dancer, but Leo was more interested in what she was doing with her hands and body than in her actual performance. She was so skillful that most of the customers probably thought she worked there. At one point she leaned over and kissed me deeply, then asked if I was enjoying this trip as much as she was. I smiled and told her it was awesome.

LETTERS

Then Janine's turn came, and I knew she was going to win. Even without the inducements of the hot sun, the free-flowing booze and the avid crowd of 50 horny men, I knew she just plain wanted to strip for her audience, and that we were both going to love it.

The man she was paired with was named Leo. He was big and blond and muscular, and I had no doubt that Janine had already been mentally undressing him—as well as undressing herself for him. She made no objection when he disrobed her down to her tiny black bikini. I was pleased to see that he was taking care to fondle every available bit of her as she lost each piece of clothing. And she was enjoying it.

Now it was time for the suntan lotion. Every time Leo asked if it would be okay for him to massage the lotion onto a body part—arms, back, calves, feet, inner thighs, abs—Janine said yes, winning more points each time. Then the DJ offered her 100 bonus points if she would give up her bikini top. She hesitated for about five seconds, then leaned in for Leo to strip her.

Well, the crowd went bonkers, actually shrieking as those perfect breasts were bared. When she turned around to show off her body, wearing just her thong, it looked from the back as though she was nude. I was as proud as if she had fucked all those guys. (And if the crowd had

been just a little smaller, I thought she might have!)

The DJ now announced that the contest was close—although it was clear that Janine was the obvious winner—but that if she let her partner apply lotion to her breasts, the game would be tied. I had no doubt she was going to do this, just to have Leo rub his hands all over her.

It was like the Twilight Zone, watching another man feel up my wife, making her nipples hard and her breath short, in front of a crowd of sex maniacs. After a minute Leo's dick was sticking straight out in his shorts, and it certainly looked, shall we say, ample.

Then the DJ challenged Janine to do something outrageous, saying that she could score all the points she needed to win if she came up with something really sexy that would please the crowd.

She was already nearly nude in front of all those horny guys. And although she loved more than anything to expose herself to men and tease them, since our marriage she had never actually gone so far as to let them do anything more than touch her. Now I had a real feeling that, on this trip, she might go further. And at that point I honestly couldn't say whether I was hoping that she would, or that she wouldn't.

I felt a tension in my gut as I imagined Janine yanking Leo's shorts down and swallowing his cock. After all, next to fucking, she likes





"Only a couple of feet away from me, she spread her legs wantonly and, for the first time, took another man's cock inside her body"

Janine then said that I should get a lap dance also, while she played with Leo. I waved the blonde dancer over, and she suggested we all go to a private room. Janine walked through the club to the private area, wearing only her tiny black thong.

Once there, she picked

up right where she'd left off with Leo, while my dancer started dry-fucking me. She was good, but I could hardly tear my eyes away from my wife. Janine took her thong off so that she was now completely nude, and was soon rubbing herself all over Leo. She kissed him passionately as she reached for his belt. She soon had his pants down and was playing with his large cock. This was no longer a lap dance; now it was pure sex.

On her knees now, Janine ran her tongue up and down Leo's shaft, then circled his cockhead with it before taking him into her mouth. My dancer was doing her best to distract me, rubbing her tits over my crotch and playing with my balls, but my attention was all on my wife and her new boy toy.

Janine was soon sucking Leo for all she was worth, and he had his hands all over her tits and her upper body. I was so entranced that I barely noticed when my dancer, obviously feeling slighted, stormed out of the room.

By now Leo had figured out that if Janine wanted to play, it must be okay with me. He stood up, peeled off his shirt and stepped out of his pants and shorts. Janine moaned as she kissed him passionately, then pulled his naked body down on top of hers on the sofa. Only a couple of feet away from me, she spread her legs wantonly and, for the first time since we were married,

took another man's cock inside her body.

My dick was throbbing like crazy as I watched my sweet wife avidly fucking her hunk. She was clearly loving the screwing Leo was giving her, and I was nearly as hot as she was.

After her first orgasm, Janine asked me to fuck her from the rear while she sucked Leo again. I love fucking her any way at all, but it really turns me on to be able to play with her glorious ass as I do it. As I entered her pussy it felt wetter than ever before. I proceeded to fuck her hard, the way she likes it, sliding my thumb into her ass to make her still hotter.

Leo was holding on to Janine's hair and telling her what a great cocksucker she was, and she was moaning around his cock and pushing back at me, driving me crazy. I don't know how long this went on, but finally all three of us came about the same time, and when I looked at Janine she was happily swallowing Leo's come.

"Wow!" she said when she'd gotten it all down. "Can we do that again?"—*L.E., Memphis, Tennessee*

The home care she provided was more personal than most

My wife Tina is a home-care provider. A few years ago she began working for a widower named Gus, who was about 50 and had a chronic illness. One day Tina told me that Gus had

libido | noun | li-bi-do

- 1: A person's desire to have sex.
2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.



wished that things could go further.

She just smiled. He was standing in front of her as she sat with her legs parted just a bit. At that point he nonchalantly put a hand on her thigh and stroked it. Tina just looked him in the eye and sipped her wine. His hand glided higher. She later told me it was then that she decided to let him go as far as he wanted.

She parted her legs a bit more, and his hand moved higher, reaching her crotch and rubbing it gently. When she still didn't stop him, he slid a finger inside her, and then another. Then he leaned down and kissed her inner thigh and pubic area. Soon he was licking her pussy while fingering her with one hand and fondling her breasts with the other. His whole body was trembling.

Finally Gus stood up, untied his robe and stepped forward between her legs. As he lined up his cock with the entrance to her pussy, she told him in an unsteady voice not to come inside her, but to pull out when the time came.

Tina told me that his fucking was more exciting than she could possibly have imagined. She couldn't describe how good it felt. All too soon he began to gasp and jerk inside her. She pushed him away, and his copious seed spurted all over her tight uniform.

That week he paid her an extra \$500. She was thrilled to see that.

After that they got into a

routine, in which Gus fucked my wife at least two or three days a week. It was mutually satisfying for them, and it was pleasurable for me too, since I loved the stories Tina told me.

Around Christmas time Gus's son, Colin, came home from college for a week or so, and Gus and Tina had to take a time-out. But Tina soon became aware of Colin stealing glances at her body as she went about her duties.

One day near the end of his visit, Tina was downstairs in the laundry room when she heard someone come in. Before she could turn around she felt a hand slide up the back of her thigh and under her skirt.

"I thought we were taking a break," she said teasingly, thinking it was Gus. Then she looked back over her shoulder and saw Colin standing there.

"Dad's taking a nap," Colin said, rubbing her ass. "You know, he told me how well you take care of him, and I really appreciate that." His hand felt good on her ass, and she knew she should push him away, but she didn't move.

"You're a really beautiful woman," Colin said then. "And hey, what's good enough for Dad is good enough for me."

"We shouldn't," Tina said breathlessly.

"Oh, relax," Colin told her. "My dad's asleep, and he wouldn't mind anyway." By now he was rubbing her damp pussy, and she was panting a little. At that point



"'Oh, relax,' Colin told her. 'My dad's asleep, and he wouldn't mind anyway.' By now he was rubbing her damp pussy"

Letters

been flirting with her. I asked her how she felt about this, and she admitted that Gus was still kind of attractive, but said she thought he was being inappropriate. I, however, found the situation titillating, and I suggested that she wear something kind of sexy to work the next day, to give Gus a little thrill.

Tina did not seem to take kindly to this suggestion, so I let it drop. But when she got home the next night I saw that she had dressed a bit more provocatively than usual, in a black dress with white polka dots, and sheer black pantyhose. She had a kind of guilty look, and when I questioned her she admitted that Gus had kept telling her all day how much he loved her outfit. Several times she'd felt his hands brush her when he walked by, and once as she was straightening up in the living room, he'd squeezed her ass. She hadn't done anything about it, not wanting to make a fuss, but she was afraid that things would escalate.

Before she'd left Gus had told her that he would pay her a bonus if she dressed like that more often. When she saw how excited I was, Tina laughed and asked me what I thought she should do. I told her I thought she should go for it, and to please keep telling me everything that happened.

The next day Tina wore a skirt cut to mid-thigh, with stockings, and wound up with Gus's hands all over her. She found she didn't

mind the attention, but she wouldn't let him go further than rubbing her nylon-covered thighs and her butt.

In her next pay envelope she found a \$150 bonus.

Soon after that Gus bought her a sexy maid's

One morning Gus came into the kitchen, dressed only in his bathrobe, as Tina was doing dishes at the sink. He came up behind her, as he often did, and started rubbing against her, but this time his hands slid

When Tina finished telling me this story, I threw her on the bed and we fucked like crazy. Afterwards I asked her if she really wanted to fuck Gus. When she didn't answer, I told her she had my permission if she



costume, complete with shiny black stockings, and told her he would add to her bonus if she wore it. Tina actually loved the way she looked in it. The flared skirt didn't cover her ass completely, and the skimpy top greatly enhanced her already generous cleavage. Gus took every opportunity to rub against her and feel her up, and he tried his best to get inside her panties, but she held him off.

around to cup her breasts. He kissed her neck as he ground his hard-on into her ass, then whispered in her ear that he wanted to fuck her. She shook her head no, but she decided to give him a handjob to help him relieve his tension. Reaching back, she parted his robe and took hold of his cock, then stroked it until, after about two minutes, he shot all over her nylon-covered ass.

wanted to do it, as long as she kept telling me everything. She just nodded, and we fell asleep in each other's arms.

The next day Gus again came into the kitchen as she was finishing up, this time offering her a glass of wine, which she accepted. She sat down on a bar stool as they started talking. Gus told her he appreciated the fact that she didn't get mad at his sexual antics, but he



Colin hiked her skirt up to her waist, then tugged the waistband of her pantyhose down to her knees, baring her ass.

"Spread your legs a little," he told her, and she did. She heard him drop his pants, then felt his cock at the entrance to her pussy. With one thrust he slammed into her, and she thought her yelp might be loud enough to wake Gus. Colin began banging away at her as she gasped and moaned, fucking her hard and fast until they both came.

Just then Tina heard Gus yelling for her from upstairs. She quickly pulled her hose back up and rushed out, with Colin following her. When Gus saw the two of them, he smiled knowingly and asked if Colin had been helping her with her chores.

"Yeah, something like that," Colin said, and they both laughed.

Colin left the next day, and Gus and Tina got back into their routine. This went on for another few months, until Gus passed away. To our surprise, he left Tina a nice sum of money in his will. And now that Colin is

out of college and living in his father's old house, she still pays him a visit from time to time, and then comes home to tell me all about it.—*R.A., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*

It was supposed to be a threesome, but the husband got left out

My wife Holly is a vivacious 30-year-old blonde with a voluptuous figure. When we were first married we often talked about having a threesome, but it was only recently that we decided to actually do it.

A few months ago Holly and I went to a party at a nearby military base. Holly wore a short, tight black dress, held together at the sides by gold rings. The gaps between them were wide enough to show that she wasn't wearing underwear. When she asked me if I thought she might get laid that night, I told her she could probably have any man she wanted.

Holly did some heavy flirting at the party, but the guy she seemed to be into the most was a young Asian soldier named Jimmy. He was quite good-looking, with a compact, hard-muscled body. The two of them danced a lot, and very sensuously too. At the end of the party, when Holly invited him to come home with us, he accepted readily.

Back to our place we went straight to the bedroom and stripped without ceremony. I could see that Holly was almost drooling

over Jimmy's perfect body, as well his surprisingly large erection. He held it out to her and invited her to suck it, and I was envious of the hungry way in which she gobbled down his cock, her head bobbing up and down as she sucked at it with obvious passion.

When Jimmy was ready to fuck my wife, he suggested I go down on her first to make sure she would be wet enough to take him. Which I did. He then mounted her and thrust himself inside her as she moaned. Watching them fuck, I was so astonished by the power and finesse of his technique that I came twice as I jerked myself off.

After they finally came, they lay together, kissing and cuddling, leaving me feeling more than a little left out. It didn't help when they began to fuck again, and Holly seemed to reach heights of pleasure that she never did with me.

After that Jimmy became a regular visitor to our house. He now sees Holly at least three or four nights a week, and she couldn't be happier. We do still have sex sometimes, but I've begun to wonder where I fit into this picture.—*L.C., Fresno, California*

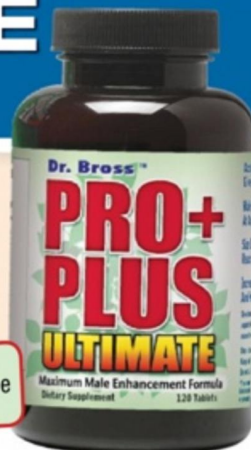
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"When Jimmy was ready to fuck my wife, he suggested I go down on her to make sure she would be wet enough to take him. Which I did"

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LETTERS



He finally found a girl whose bizarre desires matched his own

All my life I have felt this overwhelming need to express my secret desires, this hunger for the fulfillment of my hidden needs. I longed for it, I craved it, until finally I felt I would stop at nothing to achieve it. And then I met Nina. She truly fulfilled my deepest cravings, and became the outlet I needed for what some would call my perversions.

I saw her for the first time as I looked down into the street from my second-story apartment window, and I was immediately struck by her sexuality. Even at that distance, it was as if her body screamed for discipline. Her long dark hair streamed over her shoulders, and when the light hit it, it seemed to blaze like a flame. Her dark eyes appeared to gleam wickedly in the moonlight, and her full red lips seemed molded from those of Aphrodite herself.

After that I saw her walking past my window about the same time every night, her sensuous hips swaying, her breasts jiggling with every step. Her body, slim where it should be and plump where plumpness was called for, was enough by itself to make a man come. And come I did, jerking off each night as she walked by, coming in hot spasms just at the sight of her. But that was not enough, and I knew I had to have her.

Considering her appearance, and the provocative way she carried herself, I figured her to be either a hooker on the stroll, or a dancer at one of the nearby strip joints. The neighborhood I live in is not the most elegant, and not many women choose to walk alone in it after dark. Unlike most of the residents down here, I could afford to live anywhere I wanted, but something about the tawdry atmosphere of this run-down area appeals to my perverse nature.

Now that I had my objective in sight, I had to figure a way to get close to her. Just the thought of it made me hard. I knew that I would have to stalk her first, to find out which club she worked at, or which corner she hung out on, if that was her thing. I sincerely hoped it

was; that way I could easily buy her, and hopefully keep her.

One night I dressed in my best black suit. I am not an unattractive man; I have dark hair and eyes and a hard body, and could easily be mistaken for an athlete. To look at me one would never suspect the twisted desires lurking within. I waited at my window until I saw her pass by, and when she did I quickly left my apartment, descended the stairs and stepped out onto the sidewalk. I could see her half a block ahead of me now, and I proceeded to follow her.

After trailing the vision in front of me for about two blocks, I saw her go into a club, over the door of which a flashing neon sign read, "Live Nude Girls!" I had never been to this place,

but I knew it had a reputation for being a free-swinging joint where anything went. I wondered if this girl actually worked there, or if perhaps she was there for her own pleasure. Bursting to find out, I went inside.

The moment I walked through the door I recognized the smell of pussy, hot and wet and mixed with sweat. I walked slowly through the room to the bar, where some guy with several face piercings took my drink order.

As I waited for my drink I looked around, trying to spot my girl. On the stage a young black girl was on her knees, her shaved pussy being noisily eaten by another stripper, a Latino girl with large round tits. Some of the men around the stage were openly masturbating. I watched the



black girl's face, and I could see that she was about to come. Sweat was pouring off her body as she ground her crotch against the other girl's mouth. The Latino girl's face was covered with the other's juices as she drove her tongue mercilessly into her cunt while nibbling and sucking on her clit.

One of the men who was masturbating reached up with his free hand and started to rub the Latino girl's pussy, which was so wet that her juices were dripping down her thighs. His hand was immediately smacked away. A moment later it reappeared, now holding a 20-dollar bill, and this time it was given full access to the girl's pussy. Within minutes all three of them were coming in a chorus of moans and gurgles.

When the show was over, both girls stood up and left the stage. The applause was deafening.

Only after they left did I remember my drink. I picked up the glass and drank the watered-down liquor in one swig. My girl from the street was nowhere in sight, and I decided to have a look around.

Off in one corner I could see a doorway with a beaded curtain, guarded by a big musclebound blond guy. I figured there might be something in there worth seeing, and I headed over. As I reached the door I was accosted by the guard. "Hey, buddy," he said, glowering at me, "if you want to play, you gotta pay. It'll cost

you a hundred bucks for an hour. Take it or leave it."

I took it.

As I walked into the room, all I could see were naked people fucking all around me. In one corner three very large and well-endowed black men were going at it with a tiny white girl. She could not have been much older than 18. One of the men was fucking her face, pounding himself into her little rosebud mouth so deeply that I could see her throat bulging with his cock. Another one was underneath her, fucking her little asshole, while the third was on top of her, ramming himself into her cunt. I watched as they worked her over. To my surprise, she seemed to be loving every minute of it. I wondered if she was really as young as she looked.

Not far from them I saw three girls in a circle on the floor, noisily eating one another's pussy, their bodies twisting, their crotches grinding in one another's face. I happily took in the sight of their rock-hard nipples and their squirmy asses as they wantonly enjoyed themselves.

All around me was flesh—naked, erotic, writhing flesh. My God, I was in heaven! I scanned the room for my girl, but could not locate her among any of the busy couples, trios or groups doing their thing on the floor. Then, to my great delight, I spotted her in a corner of the room. She was sitting alone in a recliner chair, completely naked, watching the sexual goings-



on around her and masturbating shamelessly with a tiny vibrator pressed to her clit. In fact, she was coming, and coming hard, her juices actually squirting out of her and staining the chair beneath her ass. It was hot to see!

In the midst of her orgasm she looked up, and our eyes met and locked. Then I was moving toward her as though pulled by some irresistible force. I walked right up to her,

pulled the vibrator from her pussy and replaced it with my hand. Then I knelt on the floor before her and began to eat her luscious cunt. She was so hot she nearly burned my mouth. I cleaned them come from her ass and thighs with my lips and tongue, then buried my face in her crotch, trying to get as much of her into my mouth as I could.

I grabbed her thighs and pressed them back, opening her wide so that I could

LETTERS

devour her soft female flesh. She was moaning loudly now, and she came again—or was it still?—her liquid squirting into my mouth in hot, delicious gushes, which I swiftly swallowed down.

I moved up her body then, licking and tasting her sweat-soaked flesh. Her tits were even better than I had imagined, large, round and pointed with rock-hard nipples which seemed to be begging me to suck them. I tangled my fingers in her hair and gently pulled her up from her chair, our eyes locked. When I let her go she sank down to her knees. I undid my pants and she took my cock out and swallowed it down her throat.

Oh God, she felt so good! She sucked me with her full, tight lips, pulling at my cock as if to drain it, her mouth sliding up and down, up and down, her tongue working magic on my engorged flesh. She brought me to the brink of climax before I pulled away.

Moving around behind her, I dropped to my knees on the floor and grabbed her round fleshy ass, pushing my hard dick inside her hot cunt. She cried out with startled pleasure and pushed back at me. I began to ram into her, over and over again, my pelvis smacking against her ass as she called out for me to fuck harder. Finally I came in explosion after explosion of white-hot jism, filling her pussy with my come.

That pussy contracted on my cock as she had her

own orgasm, and the intensity of it shocked me.

Usually at this point the woman I was with would start to scream and yell at me, call me selfish and say that I had hurt her. Not this girl—she had come with me, and had obviously enjoyed it every bit as much as I had. I knew then that I would have to have her again and again.

After we regained our equilibrium we both stood up. She gazed at me curiously. There was a saucy smirk on her lips, but her eyes were gleaming, and I sensed that she was feeling, as I was, that she had finally met someone who was a match for her own unusual desires.

"What's your name?" I asked her.

"Nina," she replied. Her

voice was like silk. "What's yours?"

Instead of answering that, I said, "Let's go back to my place, I live right down the street. We can walk there."

She barely hesitated before accepting my invitation with a nod.

Not a word was spoken as we walked to my apartment building. I walked behind her part of the time, watching the sway of her hips, loving the way her ass moved beneath her jeans.

By the time we got to my place I didn't think I could wait another moment. Once the door was open I grabbed her and pulled her into my apartment. She did not act surprised or frightened at all. In fact, the look in her eyes told me I had been right about her: she loved to be dominated.

I led her into my bedroom, which features a king-size canopy bed with old-fashioned mosquito netting surrounding it like a fog. It is the most beautiful piece of furniture in the place, and I could tell she loved it as much as I did. Being within that curtain felt like being in another world—a world where a man could do whatever he wanted with a woman, and where she would respond with uncontrollable passion to his every demand.

I turned to her, my head swirling with desire, and ripped her skin-tight T-shirt from neck to waist. I waited for a protest, but it did not come. She just stood there with a wicked gleam in her eyes. I knew with a surge of joy that I would get no complaints from her.



I walked slowly to the dresser and opened the top drawer, from which I pulled a small medieval dagger, a beautiful piece, the handle encrusted with rubies and sapphires. I walked back over to her and slipped the blade under the waist of her jeans. The keen knife sliced through the material as though it were silk. I cut both legs of those jeans all the way down to her ankles, and when I was through they fell from her body, leaving her naked before me. Her beautiful flesh gleamed in the soft light of the 12-piece candelabra which hung from the ceiling.

I took her hand then, led her to the opening in the canopy and firmly pushed her onto the bed. I left her for a moment and returned with some soft strips of terrycloth, which I used to bind her wrists above her head and secure them to the headboard. She offered no resistance, and in fact the bondage seemed to excite her. I removed my clothing, watching her reaction to my firm and supple body.

Naked, I climbed onto the bed, spread her legs apart and pushed them up and back, until they were nearly touching her shoulders. With two more lengths of cloth I secured her ankles to the bedposts at the head of the bed, leaving her helpless and vulnerable, her pussy defenseless and open.

As I leaned over her body I could practically smell her intense arousal. I looked directly into her

eyes, which told me everything, and I liked what I saw. Raising my hand, I gave her a swift smack on one of her turned-up ass cheeks. She caught her breath, and the already hard spikes of her nipples seemed to stiffen even further. She began to squirm with pleasure, and I smacked the other cheek, with even more satisfying results. I leaned down and took her breast in my mouth, running my tongue over the rigid nipple. I did the same with the other breast, and then began to move down her body.

I gave her another slap on each cheek, making her body jump and bringing moans of passion from her. The moans became cries as I stuck my head between her widespread legs and began to suck on her clit. Her juices were flowing heavily, and I knew she was close to coming. I brought her right up to the edge, and then stopped. Her entire body was drawn as tight as a guitar string.

I got up off the bed and reached into my nightstand. From the array of sex toys there I picked out a flexible double-headed rubber dildo and a small paddle. Nina's face glowed with hunger when she saw what I was holding.

I placed one head of the dildo deep into her pussy, and inserted the other into her asshole. She was so wet that they slid right in. Holding them in place, I began to spank her lightly with the paddle. Her wildly squirming body effectively



fucked both ends of the dildo as I held onto it, and within minutes she was coming so hard that her screams might have been heard out on the street.

By this point I needed release so badly that I ached. I quickly untied her and turned her onto her knees, her face buried in the pillows. Pulling the dildo from her ass, I inserted my engorged member into that snug hole and proceeded to fuck her hard and fast, while working the other end

of the rubber toy in and out of her pussy.

Nina came twice more before I felt my own climax coming on. At that point I pulled my cock from her body and brought her around to take my load in her mouth. I came in a riot of hot spurts, erupting into her throat, and she swallowed every last drop.

We collapsed onto the bed then, spent. Our hearts were pounding, our bodies pulsing in the afterglow of orgasm.



"There was a wicked gleam in her eyes. 'Do you think you're man enough to take me again now?' she said challengingly"

"It's not over yet," I whispered into her ear. "Not by a long shot. I want you again and again. I will never get tired of you."

There was a wicked gleam in her eye. "Do you think you're man enough to take me again now?" she said challengingly.

Already she was causing

my cock to start coming back to life. "Let's just see about that," I said, turning her onto her back and climbing on top of her. I could see the new excitement in her eyes, but she pretended to struggle. Our mock battle brought us both to a still higher pitch of arousal, and when I succeeded in sliding my throbbing member into her pussy, she cried out with a mixture of triumph and surrender and clutched at me frenziedly, pulling me deeper inside her, her hot juices soaking my dick.

We fucked like rabbits for hours. I could not get enough of her, and she climaxed at least a dozen times. By the time it was over and I fell beside her, exhausted, the sun was coming up. The last thing I was aware of before I fell asleep was the look of total satisfaction on her face. I'm sure there was a similar expression on mine.

When I woke up the next morning she was gone. I jumped from the bed to see if she was perhaps in the shower, but I knew before I got there that she was not. She was gone, and with her she had taken anything of value that was small enough for her to carry. My wallet, my Rolex, my gold and diamond jewelry were all gone. She even found the little hoard of money I kept stashed in my dresser.

I didn't care about the money or the jewelry. She had been worth it, every last cent. What I cared about was losing her.

That was weeks ago, and every night since then I have watched from my window, waiting for her to come bouncing down the street, but to no avail. I have not given up hope, though. I have the feeling that some day, when I least expect it, I will see her again. And then I will be able to take my revenge.

Maybe that's what she really wants.—*Name and address withheld*

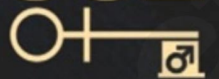
Tied, teased, tantalized and taken. What more could a man ask?

As we walked through the pasture I motioned for Tim to come into the barn with me. The sweet smell of hay and cedar chips filled the air, and the sounds of sweet country music played softly on our little portable radio.

Inside the barn there were two wooden columns about 12 feet apart, each with an eye hook and six feet of lead rope attached to it. I smiled at Tim and asked him if he would like to be tied up today, but of course I already knew the answer.

I quickly helped him get undressed, then bent down for a moment to lick the head and shaft of his already swollen organ. I took a box from a nearby shelf and removed two black leather wristbands with metal rings attached. I gently kissed each of his hands before tightening the wristbands and connecting the metal rings to the brass hooks at the end of each

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devour his thrusting manhood. My rhythm sped up, and I fucked him faster and harder, slamming my ass against his pelvis. He was moving too, rocking his body as much as he could in his restrained position. Then, as I moved back, he gave a powerful thrust forward, and I came, my pussy juices gushing forth and bathing his cock and balls.

With some difficulty I managed to stay upright, but I staggered away from him, still spasming in the aftermath of climax. Facing him, I saw his frustrated face, his straining body, his rigid, unsatisfied cock pointing at me like a spear.

I smiled at him and, still breathing hard, I did a little sensuous dance, teasingly touching my body and my erect nipples. I saw the desperation in his eyes as he begged me to fuck him again.

I took pity on him then. Quickly I released each of the wrist bands, then took his hand and led him to a soft bed of hay. Lowering myself to it, I lay down on my back, spreading my legs. "I'm yours now," I told him. "Do with me as you like."—*R.F., Cheyenne, Wyoming*

It's a battle for control between a fake cop and a sexy Catwoman

"Fuck!" I yelled as I felt my balls tighten. My cock was buried deep inside the cunt of another perfectly boring bimbo, who was straddling my hips as she bounced up

and down. I looked up at her face as I shot into her, her name already escaping my memory. She had her eyes closed as she rode my cock, her head tossed back, her large tits bouncing in front of me, her long blonde hair tumbling down her back. She was just another girl in the long line of ladies who my brother Jake had hooked me up with. This one was a bartender who worked nights at some bar he sometimes patronized.

It wasn't that she wasn't good-looking. She was certainly very attractive, and I had to admit she had given me a good time. I had definitely come harder with her than I had with the last few girls Jake had thrown my way. But still I just felt detached.

The girl was coming now, and I could feel the muscles of her pussy gripping my cock as she writhed about on me. Then she rolled off and lay down beside me, trying to cuddle as close as she could. I dutifully put an arm around her, but I was already planning to leave her with an empty bed before the sun rose. Dealing with the morning after just wasn't my strong suit.

I had been working for a large accounting firm for the last five years. It was a big company, with over 1,000 employees, and I was absolutely positive that no one in the firm even knew my first name. Not that I really expected people to notice me; there's nothing very spectacular about my



"My cock was buried deep inside the cunt of another perfectly boring bimbo. She had her eyes closed as she rode my cock"

lead rope. I then tightened and secured them so that his arms were stretched gently out to each side.

His eyes watched me intently as I slowly removed my jean skirt and western blouse. Wearing only my black boots and lacy black thong, I swayed gently to the music. Smiling, I let my eyes drop to his now hard and hungry cock, waiting to be pleased. He looked so beautifully helpless that way that it sent overwhelming waves of lust through my body.

Moving slowly toward him, I started sensuously kissing his face. Moving down to his neck, I licked and nibbled playfully, slowly breathing in his manly scent. I pressed wet passionate kisses into his body, nuzzling my face against his skin. Plastering my body to his, I ducked under his outstretched arm and slowly slid around behind him, pushing my pelvis hard against his ass, my breasts mashed into his back. I massaged his shoulder with one hand, while the other reached to his thick cock. I ran my fingers from the bottom of the shaft up to the head, swirling one of them around in the liquid seeping from it.

I heard Tim draw a ragged breath in anticipation, but my hand did not linger. I walked around in front of him again, teasing him for a moment, letting him look at what he could not touch. Then, straddling his leg, I slowly slid down so he could feel my hot

thong-covered pussy gliding over his muscular thigh. I kissed and licked at his body as I sank down to my knees on the loose hay scattered below.

Kneeling there between his legs, I pressed my lips

Once again I dropped down, and this time engulfed his throbbing cock, taking it deep into my mouth. I sucked it hard, swirling my tongue around it. In and out I took it, faster and faster, swallowing him

him, sliding his thick hard cock between my wet pussy lips. Pressing the head against my clit, I slid back and forth, timing my movements to the beat of the song coming from the radio. My pussy dripped hot



hard against his balls, sucking each one into my mouth in turn, while massaging the other one with my fingers. With my other hand I reached for my pussy, saturating my fingers with my juices, then stood up to bring those fingers to his mouth. He moaned as he lapped the moisture from them, and I could see his cock twitching and throbbing in desperation, silently begging to be fucked.

deeper while rubbing his balls, my fingers exploring the smooth, hard area between his scrotum and his ass. As he groaned with passion, shuddering and ready to explode, I pulled my mouth off him, running my tongue up his shaft and planting a kiss on the head before standing up.

Looking into his pleading eyes, I slowly pulled off my saturated thong. Turning around then, I backed up to

liquid onto his cock. I could feel his body pressing forward, his pelvis pushing at my ass as I swayed and rocked against him.

Reaching down, I slipped the head of his cock inside my hot wet pussy. God, it felt so big! Wet as I was, I had to strain to get it in, but finally it was pushing deep inside me. I began to quiver and moan as I worked myself up and down, my pussy hungry now to

LETTERS

appearance, and I do tend to keep to myself. I'm not ugly, just not exceptional enough to capture people's attention. At 37 I am pretty much a confirmed bachelor, which suits me fine. I don't have a lot of friends, but I am close to my family, especially my brother Jake, who works for the police department and seems to spend most of his time trying to set me up with girls.

On the Monday morning

after my night with the female bartender, I walked into my cubicle at my boring job and logged into my mailbox, as always. There, among the usual junk, I found a memo announcing the company's annual Halloween costume party. I didn't remember there having been any company Halloween parties in the past, but maybe I just hadn't been interested enough to pay attention.

But for some reason the idea of a costume party this year excited me. Maybe, I thought, it was time I went out and socialized with some of the people I worked with. And what better way to do it than behind the facade of a costume?

As the day of the party approached, I began to get second thoughts. But when I mentioned the party to Jake, he not only insisted that I should go, he even came up with an idea for my costume, offering to lend me one of his old uniforms, so that I could go as a police officer.

The party was held on a Friday night at a big downtown hotel, only about five blocks from where I lived. At eight o'clock that evening I was standing in front of my mirror, looking at myself in my brother's uniform. Although Jake was older than me, I had a slightly larger build, and the short-sleeved blue shirt stretched across my chest a little too tightly, making me feel more like a male stripper than a policeman. I had to admit, though, that I got kind of a kick out of having handcuffs and a nightstick in my belt, and a fake gun on my hip. It gave me a feeling of power.

When I walked into the hotel ballroom I was surprised to see how many people had really gone all out in putting together their costumes. As I made my way through the crowd I recognized a couple of women from my department, dressed up as French maids, complete with black

fishnet stockings and black spike heels. One of them was married, which didn't interest me at all, and the other was known to have slept with a lot of guys in the office, which interested me even less.

Making my way to the bar, I ordered a beer and chugged it down, hoping to get drunk as quickly as possible, so this party would be tolerable. The dance floor was already crowded with people, and the noise level in the room was rising. I was taking it all in, trying to pretend that I was having a good time, when my eyes strayed to the door, and my jaw dropped open as a gorgeous blonde walked in, dressed in a Catwoman costume.

I had never seen her before, I was sure of that. A blonde with a body like that was not something I was likely to forget. The upper part of her face was covered by a black plastic mask, complete with fake whiskers and cat's ears. The rest of her costume was also black: smooth black patent leather pants that clung to her so snugly they could have been painted on, a tight black leather corset that laced up the back and did amazing things for her tits, and spike-heeled black leather boots. A black leather whip hung from her waist.

My eyes swept her from her thigh-high boots to her stunning blonde hair and back again, drinking in every movement she made,



watching the way her pants pulled tightly over her body as she walked.

She sauntered over to the bar and ordered a drink, sipping it slowly as she looked around her. As her eyes finally fell on me, I saw her lips curl into a smile. I felt a bit embarrassed; I had been staring at her, and definitely not at her eyes. I was surprised and a little confused when she slid over to the stool next to me and sat down.

Still smiling at me, she reached out a hand and ran her long fingernails across my bare arm. I was totally taken aback by her forward behavior. I also couldn't believe this stroke of good luck. She was beautiful, she was sexy, and all her attention was turned on me. Then, without saying a word, she grabbed my hand and pulled me onto the dance floor. She wrapped her arms around my neck and pressed herself to my body, grinding her hips against mine.

I pressed my hands against the small of her back and tried to settle into the steady rhythm of the music as she moved against me suggestively. She smelled of leather and shampoo and a hint of perfume that drove me crazy. When she moved in to kiss me I parted my lips and slid my tongue into her mouth, tasting her. I was so turned on I felt dizzy.

"I love policemen," she whispered breathlessly as she slid her lips from mine and trailed them down my



neck. "They're always in control. Except sometimes." She took a step back then and locked eyes with me. Her smile was somewhat challenging now as she moved lithely in front of me, the tight leather hugging her curves as she swayed her hips and ran her hands invitingly over her body.

When I stepped closer to touch her again, she moved further out of my grasp. She obviously wanted to tease me, and her plan was damn

"I love policemen," she whispered breathlessly as she slid her lips from mine. "They're always in control. Except sometimes"



well working. Sweat began to form on my forehead, and I could practically feel my blood boiling. She was virtually making me beg for something she evidently wanted as much as I did. I remembered what she'd said about being in control. Maybe this was about power.

Taking a sudden step toward her, I grabbed her around the waist and pulled her tightly against me, grinding my crotch against hers, showing her just how badly I wanted her. She tried to pull away from me, but not too hard. I leaned in close and whispered into her ear, "This game would be more fun someplace else."

For a long moment she just continued to look at me. I didn't wait for her to speak; I just took her hand firmly and led her off the dance floor and out of the ballroom, through the hotel lobby and out onto the street.

Once we were away from the hotel I pinned her against the nearest building, moving in to kiss her neck. Expertly she dodged away from me and continued

walking. I caught up with her. "What's your name anyway?" I asked her.

She grinned at me without breaking stride. "It's Catwoman," she murmured. "Don't you know that?" And then she leaned close to my ear and made a very sexy purring noise. Shivers rocketed down my spine. With a response like that, who the hell cared what her name was?

It seemed to take 10 times longer to traverse the five blocks to my apartment than it ever had before. All I could think about was the beauty beside me. Where had she come from? How could I possibly be this lucky? There were hundreds of questions running through my mind, but I forgot them all when we finally reached my apartment door. As soon as we were inside she grabbed me and pinned me back against the wall in a fierce kiss.

Almost before I had time to react she had pulled open my shirt and had it on the floor. I moved away from her long enough to make it into the bedroom, but she was hot on my heels. Her lips were pressed to the bare skin of my chest as she tore my belt open, slid my zipper down and pushed my trousers down to my feet, along with my shorts. I kicked my shoes off and stepped out of the other things as she brought a hand to my cock. It stood hard and straining in front of her, and she sank to her knees on the floor, wrapping her lips around it.

I was unprepared for this assault; my legs gave way, and I fell onto the bed behind me. Her mouth followed me, never seeming to lose its grip on my now throbbing dick. She took it deep down her throat and sucked hard, bringing me dangerously close to the edge, then slowed down to an even, steady pace that had me bordering on insanity, writhing with pleasure under her knowledgeable mouth and tongue.

But of course she didn't let me come. Just before the point of no return, she pulled her mouth off me and straightened up, telling me to roll over onto my stomach. I groaned with frustration. I didn't much relish feeling my hard cock crushed beneath me, especially as it would then be out of reach of her mouth.

As I hesitated, she pulled out the little whip that hung at her waist. It didn't look very menacing; in fact it was more of a toy than anything else, a short plastic handle with a few limp leather strands attached. She couldn't have done more with it than sting me a little bit, but she didn't even do that; she simply held it by the handle and let the strands dangle onto my thigh. And yet there was something thrillingly erotic about the picture she made, standing there holding the whip. She slid the strands lightly over my leg, and when she told me again to roll over, I did so.

With my face pressed against the mattress, I could

"She brought a hand to my cock. It stood straining in front of her, and she sank to her knees on the floor, wrapping her lips around it"

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feel her brushing the strands of the whip gently along my body. Then, without warning, she gave me a quick smack on the ass with her free hand. My body tensed, but a further wave of excitement rushed through me. Even in the midst of my lust I couldn't help wondering what had gotten into me. Granted she was hot as hell, but being

suddenly wanted it to be on my terms. As she turned away to unlace her corset and remove her leather pants, I reached to the floor for the belt of my costume and detached the handcuffs that hung from it, picking them up and concealing them in the bedclothes.

When she turned back around she had taken off every stitch she'd been

"Now who's in control?" I said mockingly. "Don't worry, baby, I won't hurt you much. Although you have been a very naughty pussy this evening." I moved close to her again and bent down to press my mouth to her full, stiff-nippled breast. Then I moved down on the bed and spread her legs. "This pussy needs a licking," I said, and I moved in,

good that I almost forgot about my throbbing cock as I became consumed with the effort of making her come. I wanted to see what that body would look like sprawled across my bed, shaking and writhing beneath my expert touch.

Sliding my fingers inside her, I began working her G-spot, bringing her closer to the edge with every

"I felt a surge of triumph as she began to moan, softly at first, then more loudly. The moans turned to cries, and then she was begging"

dominated had never really been my thing. However, she had definitely gotten my attention, which was more than I could say for most of the women I'd fucked.

Then I remembered what she had said back at the hotel about being in control, and how she had seemed to challenge me even then. If this was a struggle for control, for power, how could I allow her to take charge this way? My mind began to race, seeking a way to turn the situation around. Meanwhile she appeared to be enjoying her ascendancy. "Okay," she said finally. "Now that you know who's in charge here—fuck me!"

It was not a request, it was an order. And happy as I was to carry it out, I now

wearing, except for the black plastic mask across her upper face. She looked as sexy as I had imagined, and for a brief moment I forgot about everything else. But then, as she moved to the bed, I caught her right wrist in my hand and snapped one of the cuffs on it before she could move away. Pulling her down on the bed, I pinned her hands above her head, lacing the handcuffs through the rungs of the wrought iron headboard before snapping the other cuff around her left wrist. Then I stepped back to admire my handiwork. She wasn't smiling now, but she didn't look angry either. It was as if she had been expecting something like that, and maybe she had.



sliding my tongue between her wet, swollen cunt lips.

She still didn't say a word, but I heard her draw in her breath sharply. I kept my tongue working, and suddenly her hips bucked, pressing her crotch harder against my face. I moved to her clit, sucking it into my mouth as I ran my tongue across it. She tasted so

stroke. I felt a surge of triumph as she began to moan, softly at first, then more loudly. The moans turned to cries, and then she was begging. "Oh please, oh God, oh fuck, please let me come. Let me come for you. I'm your naughty pussy and I want to come for you!"

Her words sounded a bit



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muffled in my ears, as my head was sandwiched between her clenched thighs, but I knew what she was saying, and I gloried in the fact that I had turned the tables on her, that I had taken control and given her everything she could handle and more.

Finally I sent her over the edge, spiraling into an explosive orgasm that left her body twitching and writhing, just as I had fantasized. When her climax ebbed, that body collapsed limply against the cool sheets.

Kneeling between her thighs, I lowered my mouth to her hard nipples, and she whimpered. I looked up into her eyes, which seemed to plead with me, though whether to let her rest or to go on with what I had been doing, I was not quite sure. I moved to kiss her on the mouth, and immediately her lips opened under mine and her tongue probed hotly for my throat. "Don't stop!" she breathed into my mouth.

With our lips still locked together I positioned myself between her thighs and slid my rigid cock into her dripping pussy, sliding every

last inch of myself inside her. Her hips lifted off the bed, her body straining to accommodate me. Moving in and out of that clutching pussy, I slid my mouth downward, flicking my tongue across the hollow of her neck, then moving down to her hard nipples, never stopping the even rhythm of my cock as it pounded into her.

When I looked up at one point to meet her eyes, I felt a sudden flash of recognition, but it was too vague and fleeting for me to identify, and it passed as quickly as it had come. She was bucking her hips up to meet mine now with every stroke, and I concentrated on possessing her with renewed energy and vigor. My balls slapped against her ass, and I reached down to rub her clit as I felt my own climax building in my gut.

Soon she was straining against the handcuffs, lifting her head off the pillow and covering my lips with hers, our tongues locking together as she came around my cock. The spasmodic clutching of her cunt sent me spiraling. My balls tightened as I came, and I cried out as I shot everything I had into the fabulous body writhing beneath me.

As soon as I came to my senses I leaned down to kiss her, then started to take off her mask. But she turned her head away. "Please," she panted, "undo the handcuffs first."

Obligingly I retrieved the keys from my pants and

released her from her constraints. Immediately she sprang off the bed and made a dash for her clothing, heaped on the floor. I moved to stop her, but she heaved one of her boots at me, and I fell back on the bed.

"What is your problem?" I yelled, but she didn't say a word as she pulled on her partially-laced corset, then scurried to slip into her pants. I moved to her again, and this time managed to pin her to the wall. Bringing my mouth to hers, I kissed her, reaching up to remove her mask as I did so.

"Christ, it's you!" I gasped as I pulled the mask off to reveal the face of the female bartender I had fucked only a few nights before. I was too surprised to stop her again as she slipped away and made a dash for the door. I tried to follow her, but she was in the elevator before I had time to put something on.

"Fuck!" I yelled again as I sank down on the bed. She had been the best fuck of my life, and I still didn't remember her name.—N.L., Buffalo, New York

Do you have the kind of sex life that involves taking or giving orders as an integral part of giving and receiving pleasure? If love means always having to say you're sorry (or else!), why not tell us about it? Write to us at: *Penthouse Letters*, Dept. DD, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or send e-mail to: letters@ffn.com

"Soon she was straining against the cuffs, lifting her head off the pillow and covering my lips with hers, our tongues locking as she came"



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It's Never Too Late To Swing

Their exposure to the "lifestyle" had all been second-hand. Now they had to decide if they could overcome their disdain and *experience it!*

My story starts out like so many others, in that my wife and I have been married for 18 years and after so many years together sort of got into a rut sexually.

We are both professionals who have had successful careers and are now very young-looking empty-nesters in our mid-50s. Joann at 55 looks *amazing*. She looks 35 to 40 and gets no end of male attention. She's a brunette with highlighted shoulder-length hair, big brown eyes and 36Cs, and she's a perfect size 4 even though she's five feet six. She has a heart-shaped ass that in my opinion is her best feature; it looks *outstanding* in anything she wears. Plus Joann is an amazingly cool woman to boot.

We have best friends who became swingers sometime after we first met. Once they "converted," they shared story after story about the fun things they did, each story hotter than the one before—we would listen to the stories, then go home and fuck like rabbits!

I guess it was only natural

that we had mixed feelings about our friends' swinging. For the first several years that they shared their stories with us, as turned on as we were by those stories, we tended to look down on our friends' life choices. Finally one night we decided we needed to sort out our feelings as honestly as we could, keeping our minds as open as possible.

We were surprised to find that, in the end, for both of us our thinking came down to the same thing: Joann thought I'd be far too jealous to allow her to have sex with others and I thought the very same thing about her!

I confessed that thinking about "sport" sex left me feeling we were missing out, at a time when we only have a few more really good years left in the tank. I told Joann I love her unconditionally and have no problem separating having sex from having serious feelings. I said I wondered if all these years we'd both been so cautious of each other's feelings that we had missed out on the opportunity to do anything.

Once we acknowledged that we were both curious about the whole idea of swinging, even with our concerns that we might already be too old, the obvious next step was to talk to our swinging friends about it. To our pleased surprise, they said they thought we were a seriously sexy couple who wouldn't have any problem meeting people!

And in our area of a nudist club that, as it happens, is a great place to meet folks. So we took our first cautious step: a Halloween party at the nudist club. The venue was classy and beautiful—it seemed more like a chic country club. Everything was high-end, up to the marble bathrooms.

Joann wore a very sheer gold top with skintight shorts with no panties. Her stunning 36Cs looked, well, *stunning*, and they were plainly visible to everyone. If she was in any way self-conscious, it never showed—she was *radiant*. I never saw her look sexier.

When we got inside, people were already in various stages of undress. There

looked to be a hundred or more sexy women in costumes, and the guys were mostly in great shape too, so Joann had eye candy as well. All the men and not a few of the women seemed to notice her as someone new to the club, making her very popular—all night drinks seemed just to materialize continuously in her hand. And I saw that the alcohol was having its effect on her.

I was also having a nice time talking with many of the women in the club, along with my friend, while his wife and Joann mingled. Joann and I shared a moment of eye contact across the busy room, and she nodded and gave me a beautiful smile that told me she was having a fun time. I pointed to the dance floor, and she blew me a kiss to signal her agreement to meet me out on the floor.

Joann sashayed into my arms, and we danced like never before. She positively glowed with sexual energy. I had a raging hard-on, and never felt more love than at that moment. All through



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several songs we talked, or rather half talked and half dry-humped each other, as she ground her hips into my groin. She loved all the attention she was getting, and we both found we couldn't believe how nice everyone was. In the course of the evening, as the party got wilder and wilder, we gathered phone numbers from new friends.

We went out on the patio for some fresh air and were talking to a really sexy couple when the girl, while talking to Joann, *just moved in*

and kissed her! And to my astonishment, *my wife was kissing her back!* And the girl's husband just shrugged and smiled! The women had their tongues in each other's mouth—and I never saw anything sexier! In the beginning Joann had had her hands on the girl's hips, but now she was rubbing up her back and finally had her hand on the back of her head, pressing her mouth even harder to the gorgeous blonde's mouth.

When they parted, my

wife was on fire. She told the girl that this was the first kiss she had ever had with another woman—and *she had loved it.* Well, paint me astounded! After getting their contact information we decided to call it a night, as it was really late.

Needless to say, that was a seriously eye-opening evening. The next morning while we sipped our morning coffee we talked about it at length. A strange thing occurred to both of us: that as the evening progressed,

nice and welcoming that we couldn't help but feel at ease with them as soon as we were in their home.

There were 10 to 15 couples, and everyone treated us great. One couple was paying a lot of attention to us, and we hit it off pretty quickly with them. They were in their upper 30s. The guy was Cary, and his girlfriend Ginger. Ginger was a petite brunette with perky champagne-glass tits—a seriously cute girl-next-door type. Cary was drop-dead



“While caressing Ginger’s abdomen, I slid my hand inside her bikini bottom and played with her bald pussy”

the obvious titillation of seeing so many sexy people naked or half-naked came to surprise us less and less. I observed that after a while I'd hardly registered everyone's state of undress.

This stripped away many preconceptions of who we thought our new acquaintances were. We had to say that they were the nicest, most unpretentious people we'd ever met! So much for our assumptions about them and their “lifestyle.” In short, “they” were *us!* We agreed to move forward with our great experiment.

Soon after, we were invited along with our friends the swingers to a private party at a couple's home. It turned out to be in a luxury subdivision, and our hosts were so

handsome, with a flat gut and a beautifully muscled chest and arms that told of dedication to the gym.

After a couple of hours of mingling indoors, we were all in the large pool, and as couples began pairing off, it was obvious that this party would be much different from the Halloween party we had been to. The host and his wife swapped with another couple, and the wife had not one but two guys *right there in the middle of the pool!* I could tell that she was having an amazing time from the way she was moving around and moaning. I had a feeling that her two guys were double-penetrating her. I looked at Joann and nodded in their direction. When she saw the ac-

tion in the middle of the pool, she got this wicked smile and winked at me.

Now in the shallow end of the pool there were six of us talking in a circle: our swinging friends; Cary and Ginger; and Joann and me. All three women had taken their tops off, and we were all standing in the warm water chatting and drinking.

To a casual observer, the six of us standing naked in the pool would have looked rather normal. But it was far from innocent. Joann had her back against the pool wall with her arms up on the wall while Cary stood next to her at a right angle to the pool wall and caressed her belly and occasionally slid his hand down to stroke her pussy through her swimsuit bottom. Ginger had planted herself in front of me, and as the water lapped around us, *she was rubbing herself against my erection, grinding it into her ass!*

One other thing that made it not so innocent was something a casual observer couldn't have known: that none of us were paired with our better halves.

Now Ginger slid an arm behind her and put it to work massaging my cock through my swimsuit. It felt amazing. Joann noticed and gave me one of her patented raised eyebrows with a sly smile. I think it made her hot to know that I was "getting some" right there in front of her. I wrapped my arms around Ginger's waist and held her from behind. While caressing her abdomen, I slid my hand inside her bikini bot-



tom and played with her bald pussy. As soon as my fingers parted her labia, her hand shot down my swimsuit and she started jerking me off nice and slowly.

Cary was fingering my wife, who had her eyes closed as she enjoyed the handiwork of his evidently skilled fingers. Our swinging friends saw the action getting hotter and shed their suits completely, then *started fucking right there in the pool next to us*. I had never actually seen them totally naked, and now seeing all of the lady's really rocking body, I found myself thinking: "sex goddess."

After a few minutes they got out and went to a nearby lounge chair. They reclined it flat, and he lay on his back with an enormous hard-on standing straight up. Then she straddled him and, while watching all the

sex going on around them, impaled herself on his pole. "Oh, fuck ya!" I heard her call out. That was a really cock-tingling sight.

Joann was leaning back a little while watching them rock back and forth. From behind them I could clearly see Cary's big cock working in and out of her pussy. Her gorgeous 36Cs were thrusting skywards and her head was thrown back. Then she went rigid and made a sound I'd only heard from animals. They came together like a geyser, and it took a few minutes for her to come down from her endorphin-induced high.

When Joann opened her eyes, they seemed to be on me, so I smiled and blew her a kiss! I think she really liked knowing somehow that I'd watched her and Cary making love. I looked over, and she must have seen me

watching them—and she was watching us! The moment our eyes met, she mouthed silently: "Wow!" We shared a silent laugh in mutual appreciation of what we'd just seen, and it was only then that it occurred to me that at that same time *we were both being fondled*, not to mention fondling others!

My attention was now back on Ginger, who looked to be on the verge of climax. I was certainly ready to pop at any time, but given that I wanted the moment to never end, I did my best to hold back until I felt her pussy contract and she went stiff, growling her approval. Her grip on my dick tightened, and with a last couple of jerks I rewarded her with a nice load of come.

As I came back from wherever I'd gone, my eyes opened to see Joann kissing Cary while they groped

LETTER OF THE MONTH

each other. She was obviously enjoying his fingers in her pussy, and now his other hand was pinching her nipples (something I know she loves) and he was nibbling her neck.

I will remember that sight the rest of my life. Watching my lovely wife lose herself and be able to enjoy herself like that right in front of me was a huge turn-on. I wasn't jealous in the least. In fact, I suddenly realized that I was hard again! I made eye contact with Joann and indicated that I was going to get out of the pool now and that she should have fun. She flashed me a beautiful smile and twiddled her fingers at me as Ginger and I exited the pool.

I grabbed two chaise-longue pads and laid them next to each other on the pool deck. Standing over the pads, I kissed Ginger tenderly, and she probed my mouth with her tasty tongue. I swear I could taste strawberry on her! I knelt in front of her and slid my fingers inside the sides of her bikini and slowly slid it down. She had one of those great pussies that have pouting lips. I love that! I leaned forward and sucked those lovely lips into my mouth, and was rewarded with her sweet nectar.

She gave a slight whimper as I found her clit and began lightly strumming it with my tongue. Her knees were getting wobbly, so I scooped her up and laid her down on the pads. There I dived right back to giving her the best head I know

how to. Now she was moaning and thrusting her pelvis into my mouth. Her juices were flowing all around my mouth and face—my God, she tasted amazing! When I sucked her clit into my mouth, I soon triggered an orgasm that racked her body and filled my mouth with her essence.

When she calmed down, I heard a voice say, "Mind if we join you?" It was Cary, accompanied by Joann, who smiled at Ginger and said, "Isn't Stan amazing at eating pussy?" Ginger laughed and agreed with her wholeheartedly.

Joann said, "That was really sexy watching him do you like that, Ginger," then said with a sinister smile, "Now Cary, get your ass over here and do the same for me."

I can't tell you how out of

character this was for my wife, who normally simply didn't make sexual demands, kidding or not. This was another woman from the proper, meek and mild wife, homemaker and executive I thought I knew. No, this woman was clearly asking for a sound fucking. And I loved it!

Cary wasted no time throwing another pad on the patio near us and lowering Joann onto it. He peeled off her bikini bottom, showing off her beautifully bald pussy with its lovely pouty lips. When he saw that her features were nearly identical to his girlfriend's, he exclaimed, "I'll be damned!" He ventured, "Could you and Ginger be cousins or something?" And the four of us enjoyed a jolly laugh about that!

Cary began sucking Jo-

ann's tits and rubbing her all over, and Ginger and I lay on our sides watching them. It was really intimate and sexy. After a while I felt Ginger opening the top of my swimsuit; then she pulled it off, and out sprang my solid seven-inch erection, which she grabbed and rubbed. She told me how hot she was getting from the scene in front of us.

Ginger rolled me over and started sucking my cock like there was no tomorrow. I was about to blow again, so I pulled her off and turned her around so I could get behind her. Her ass looked really sweet, and the rear view of her twat showed it ripe and ready. I lined up my cock and slowly inserted it. Her groan told me how she felt. She was so wet that to my amazement I slid in to the hilt on the first stroke.



I began to slowly pump her tight pussy. At first she was just getting used to me. Then she started meeting my thrusts, pushing back into me. I could feel my cock against the back wall of her cervix, and the pressure was exquisite! This girl was tight and shallow. I felt her insides stretching with every thrust. She was calling my name, and being pretty vocal at that!

I had the feeling that we were drawing attention, then heard Joann moaning too. A quick look around confirmed that we were the center of attention. "No pressure

beautiful Ginger. I guess she knew I was on the verge of blowing, because she pushed back hard on the last couple of thrusts and she came too.

I felt like I had just had an out-of-body experience. I was lying there panting and exhausted and sweaty and just plain *happy*.

I opened my eyes and saw Joann having a wild orgasm. Cary was really in the zone and kept fucking away at her until finally he blew his load in her. When he did, her whole body straightened and she lay there shaking like a leaf. I

"After a while I felt Ginger opening the top of my swimsuit; then she pulled it off, and out sprang my solid seven-inch erection"

here," I mused, smiling in spite of myself!

While I fucked Ginger, I was actually facing Cary and Joann. He had already mounted her, and she had her legs high up around his big arms. He had a really big cock—I figured it had to be eight or nine inches—and was plowing hard into her. And she was in ecstasy! I had seen the look she was giving him, and I knew that he was hitting all her good spots. At the rate they were going, she was going to come any minute.

The entire scene was just too much for my inexperienced head, and I let loose with a load of jism inside

had just witnessed my wife having the most powerful climax of her life. I could have died of pride!

This was only the first adventure my lovely Joann and I had in the "lifestyle"; we've had our share since. Still, that first one remains the most memorable. Granted that this kind of sex may not be everyone's cup of tea, my advice is that if you have any such urges, don't bury them. *Talk to your spouse!* The worst that can happen is that he or she is pissed for a couple days.

But consider what might possibly happen if he or she *doesn't* get pissed!—S.L., Providence, Rhode Island



MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

My Wife's Horny Boyfriend

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She insisted her chat pal was only coming over for some beer and conversation, but he was pretty sure there'd be more to it!

One warm Saturday afternoon in September, my wife and I decided to get in one last motorcycle ride before putting the bike up for the winter. I should say that Jessie is a curvy five-foot-six brunette who turns heads everywhere she goes, and that day she was wearing her tightest jeans with a tank top that showed off her gorgeous size-C chest. She threw a sweatshirt and a jacket in the saddlebag, and off we went.

We rode for a few hours, and I could tell Jessie was feeling horny from the amount of time she spent rubbing my leg and groin. After a while we stopped at a convenience store to get drinks and use the bathroom. Jessie came out—a cup of coffee in one hand, her mobile phone in the other hand, and a mischievous smile on her face. I asked what she was up to, and she showed me the text conversation she was having with her friend Leonard. Of course the conversation was sexual. She was teasing him while they exchanged pictures of each other.

Jessie and I had had a number of sexual encounters with other men. I'm as straight as they come, but there's just something about watching my wife have sex with another man that makes the blood flow straight to my cock. She continued texting Leonard for several minutes, until we decided to get home before it got dark and cold.

We pulled into our driveway about an hour later, and as soon as Jessie got off the bike she asked if I would mind if Leonard came over for a fire and a few beers. Of course I said I didn't mind at all, and she reassured me that it was only for beers and conversation, that no sexual activity would take place until after Leonard left. I said okay, thinking she was only saying that to make herself believe it. I was sure that at some point in the night some sort of sexual activity would take place between them.

About an hour later, while I was lighting the fire, I heard Leonard and Jessie talking while they came into the back yard, where the fireplace is. I had never met Leonard, so Jessie introduced us, and the two of us immediately hit it off. Jessie went to fill the cooler with beer, leaving us to talk about work and our everyday lives. By the time she came back with the filled cooler, Leonard and I had the fire going.

We pulled up chairs and began talking and drinking. A couple of hours passed, and Jessie was showing the effects of the alcohol. She had come over to me a couple times while she was up to get another beer and kissed



“Jessie gets amazingly wet when she fantasizes about having even one strange cock”

she stood up and undid her belt, unbuttoned her pants and sat back on his lap, and a few seconds later, with his hand buried in her crotch, I heard her moaning. Assuming this was their first time together, I knew he was in for a shock when he felt her pussy, which gets really wet when she's normally horny and amazingly wet when she fantasizes about having multiple cocks, or even just one strange one. The wetness and the aroma are so inviting that any man will feel compelled to eat her until she's satisfied.

Sure enough, it wasn't long before I heard Leonard moaning, “Ohmygod, that is amazing!” This went on for quite some time, until Jessie, on fire, stood up, exclaiming “Holy shit!” and “What the fuck!”

Leonard stood up too, then undid his pants and pulled them down to his knees. He sat down, and Jessie reached for his cock and ran her hand down the length of it, then leaned over him, and they kissed. She got down on her knees, and I saw her moving her hand up and down slowly in front of her for a few minutes. Then she lowered her head and began running her tongue around what I knew was his cock.

Not wanting to miss this, and with a hard-on of my own busting out of my pants, I advanced slowly until I could clearly see Jessie sucking ravenously on Leonard, making him moan continuously. I crouched in the grass not far from them and watched her suck his cock and caress his balls, stopping from time to time and looking up to make sure he was enjoying himself. His breathing grew heavier and heavier, and I wondered if she meant to just suck him to completion. But no, she got up and began stroking his cock slowly, then leaned over and kissed him. She

me passionately, and she grew steadily more relaxed and comfortable in her conversation and actions. I began texting her, asking her when she was going to lose her clothes and when I was going to see her magnificent tits. She texted back that I would have to wait until Leonard left.

At that point I decided to leave the two of them alone for a while and see if anything might develop. I excused myself and went in the house, then tried to look into the back yard from time to time, but the light from the fire wasn't good enough to see them from the house. After about 20 minutes I went back outside, and as I stepped out, I heard Jessie say that she needed to get back to her own chair. I stopped in my tracks, nervous yet excited, and waited for my eyes to adjust to the dark. After a few seconds I saw Jessie get up from Leonard's lap and walk over to her chair, then sit down and begin drinking another beer.

I waited in the dark for a few minutes before returning to my chair. I asked the two of them if I had missed anything exciting, and Jessie said, “No, not yet.” At that point I knew she had changed

her mind about nothing sexual happening with Leonard, and my interest was in how I might speed up the process. After drinking another beer, I told them I needed to go in and get things ready for an event I had planned for the next day. I went inside, and the sexual anticipation was killing me!

This time when I went back out, I slipped out near the back of the garage. When my eyes adjusted, I could see Jessie and Leonard sitting near the fire. A few seconds later she got up and approached his chair, then leaned over him and began kissing him! He reached a hand out to the back of her head and with the other hand explored her body, starting with her breasts, then working down to her beautiful ass. They finally broke the kiss, and she sat on his lap, and I heard her moaning and giggling. It was Jessie's nervous sexual giggle, which I know well from when she's in these situations.

They continued to exchange sensual kisses, and I saw that Leonard was rubbing Jessie's pussy through her pants. She continued to moan and whisper things like “Oh God!” and “Fuck!” from time to time. When they finally broke,

asked if he was enjoying himself, and all he did was moan.

While I remained crouched nearby, Jessie happened to look my way and spotted me. She smiled.

I decided to head back toward the garage, grabbing a beer from the fridge in the garage, then try to let my cock settle for a few minutes. As I was coming out of the garage, Jessie came around the corner. Without uttering a word, she wrapped her arms around me and kissed me passionately and pressed her body against mine for several minutes. When she let me go, she asked if I liked what I saw. But before I could even answer, she grabbed my cock through my jeans—and got her answer!

She stroked it awhile through my pants, then asked me to grab a couple more beers and meet her out by the fire. She walked toward the house, and I saw that her pants were partially down, leaving her hips and the top of her ass exposed. My cock throbbed!

When I returned to the fire with the beers, I handed one to Leonard, who was sitting there. I asked him if I had missed anything good, and he said yes, then laughed and asked, "Is that was okay?"

I said, "She's a horny woman, and I love to see her having so much fun."

He said I was a lucky man and went on to thank me several times before Jessie rejoined us. She asked what we boys were talking about, and I told her we were talking about her misbehaving. She came over to me and said she loved it when I let her misbehave—while she unbuttoned my pants and took my hard cock out. She got down on her knees and sucked it into her mouth, while caressing my balls. She sucked me at a fast pace for several minutes until I had to pull out, knowing that otherwise I would have unloaded in her mouth.

I looked over and saw Leonard still drinking his beer, and saw that he was still hard, obviously yearning for Jessie's touch. I told my wife we should probably take this inside, and without hesitating she got up, grabbed both our hands and marched us inside.

We went upstairs to our bedroom, and I quickly removed Jessie's pants and began rubbing her messy pussy through her panties while we kissed. I removed her shirt and bra, turned her around to face Leonard and bent her over the end of the bed so that at the same time she was facing him and I had complete access to her pussy.

She began running her tongue around Leonard's cock, and I watched as she took it in her mouth. She sucked

slowly at first, teasing him. I put my nose in her pussy lips and inhaled the incredible aroma while I sucked and licked on her clit. She was so wet, I had to breathe through my mouth.

I heard Jessie slurping on Leonard's cock, and I heard him moaning—a satisfied customer! His moans told me he was enjoying himself. I was beyond excited, and got up from behind Jessie to see what they were doing. Leonard had his hand on the back of her head, and she was sucking his cock into the back of her throat and rubbing his balls. I turned around and lay down underneath her so that her lower pussy was over my face, and went back to eating her. Knowing that she loves to have her ass played with while she's being eaten, I rubbed my finger in her pussy nectar and inserted it slowly. She let out an "Oh fuck!" and moaned louder and louder, with Leonard's cock still stuffed in her mouth.

After a few minutes Jessie got up and turned around, then had me sit on the bed in front of her so she had full access to my cock. She crawled up to me and buried her head in my lap. She got up on her knees and offered her sweet mess of a pussy to Leonard, who was behind her licking and sucking her clit. I couldn't believe how turned on I was by the slurping sounds he was





**“Through her
cock-stuffed
mouth she kept
urging Leonard,
‘Harder! Harder!’
He kept pounding”**

Leonard was fucking my wife so hard, she could barely keep my raging cock in her mouth. I sat back and watched her tits bounce with each thrust. Her moans got louder and louder, and through her cock-stuffed mouth she kept urging Leonard, “Harder! Harder!” After a while she took my cock out of her mouth and put her forehead right on my balls while holding onto the cock and letting out pretty much nonstop moans. Leonard, in a fucking frenzy, kept pounding her from behind for a few minutes, until he had to slow down to catch his breath and let his balls settle.

Almost without missing a beat, Jessie redoubled her efforts on my cock. I was aware of the dramatic slowdown in Leonard’s fucking pace, and it made my cock throb harder. Once he caught his breath, he went back to fucking her, now with all his might, bringing her closer to orgasm than any man I was aware of, myself included, had ever managed using just his cock; in my experience, she could only get off with a tongue on her clit. I leaned back and listened to her tell him over and over to fuck her harder. I was astounded by the fucking exhibition the two of them put on.

After what seemed like hours, Jessie got up and kissed her way up my body to my lips, then kissed me passionately. When she finally broke away, she told me she needed to come, and for that she needed my tongue. She turned herself around, and I slid down the bed so she could get on top of me in 69 position. She took my cock in her mouth and I had my first look at her freshly fucked pussy, with her juices covering her pussy and her lips and clit bright red from Leonard’s pounding. I pushed my nose into her pussy and began to lick and suck her clit. I kept at it, paus-

making while he ate her. She started off with me as she often does, slowly running her tongue around the head of my cock, then slowly working the shaft into her mouth, all the way to the back of her throat, stopping occasionally to stroke me with her soft hands while she tongues my balls.

I could tell by Jessie’s moans that she was ready to get her pussy filled, and it wasn’t long before Leonard was rubbing his cockhead against it. Holding her hips, he pushed his big cock in slowly, then began to move it slowly in

and out. After a few thrusts, she started rocking back against him, and he took that as a signal to pick up his pace. Soon I was hearing his hips slap against her ass. As he fucked her faster, her moans got louder. In time, she took my cock out of her mouth to concentrate on getting fucked. She looked up at me, with a look of pure lust in her eyes. As she ran her hand up and down my cock, I asked her how it felt, and she moaned, “His cock feels so good,” just before she swallowed my cock all the way to my balls.

ing occasionally to try and see what she was doing at the other end, and saw Leonard standing in front of Jessie at the end of the bed with his hand on the back of her head, guiding it up and down his long shaft.

I went back to eating Jessie's pussy while savoring the sound of her sucking Leonard's cock—and the "pop" whenever she took it out of her mouth. It was awhile before I could tell from the pressure she was exerting on my face that she was ready to come. I slid my finger in her still-messy pussy, slid it up to her anus and teased it awhile, then pushed my lubed finger in. She squirmed while she moaned—muffled moans that told me that she had Leonard's cock in her mouth.

After pushing my finger deeper in Jessie's ass, I eventually began feeling her pussy clench, and I tasted the taste of her climax. She collapsed on top of me. I asked if she was all right, and she put my cock back in her mouth and gave me an uh-huh moan. When Leonard excused himself to use the bathroom, as soon as he was out of the room she got up, turned facing me and thanked me and asked me if I was still all right. I gave her my answer by kissing her and caressing her tits.

Leonard came back in the bedroom, and I excused myself to relieve myself and grab some water. I returned a few minutes later to find Jessie on her hands

and knees facing the door. The first thing I noticed was the incredibly erotic smile on her face; then I saw that Leonard was fucking her from behind. I went over to her and offered her my semi-erect cock. She took it in her mouth and soon sucked it all the way back to life. For the next hour Leonard and I took turns fucking her, always leaving her a spare cock to suck on.

After watching Jessie get her fill of cock at both ends, I couldn't hold back any longer. With her lying on her back in front of me, I took hold of her hips, pulled her closer to me—propping one of her legs up on my shoulder, leaving the other lying flat—and began to fuck her with all the energy I had left. While Leonard dangled his cock over her face, and she lapped at it and played with it, I fucked her as hard as I could until finally I erupted inside her.

I left the bedroom and went to the kitchen to rehydrate. When I came back a few minutes later, I found Jessie lying on her back with her legs up on Leonard's shoulders while he fucked her hard and fast. With her tits bouncing freely, and her hands on his chest, almost holding him up, she kept telling him to fuck her harder and faster.

When Jessie became aware of my return, she motioned me to come next to her on the bed. I sat beside her watching Leonard give her all he had left. Just when it looked to me like he

was about to come, he asked her where she wanted it. With the intensity of his fucking, she could barely get out the words "right there," indicating inside her. Seconds later, while I continued to caress her beautiful tits, he let out a gasp, and I saw her clenching her pussy as he unloaded inside her.

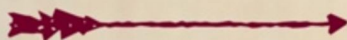
When Leonard finished spurting, he moved his cock slowly back and forth inside Jessie, like he was making sure it was completely drained. Finally he pulled out of her, and a stream of come followed. She lay there for several minutes gathering her senses. Then she got up and went to the bathroom to clean herself up.

Leonard and I exchanged some small talk, and when Jessie returned, we talked about the three of us getting together again. I said my good-bye to Leonard as Jessie went with him to show him out.

When she returned to the bedroom a short time later, she immediately kissed me passionately, then thanked me. We talked for a while about what had just happened, and the talk soon turned us both back on, and we wound up fucking for another hour until we both were done and collapsed for the night. In the morning Jessie woke up and thanked me again, and of course asked when we could do it again.

To be continued!—S.H., Framingham, Massachusetts





LUSTING *For Love*



TRUE CONFESSIONS

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*She was devastated
when her husband
lost all interest in
her. But finally she
came up with a way
better alternative!*



I'm a 35-year-old Australian woman married for ten years to a man I saw as a father figure, someone who could give me feelings of security that I never experienced as a child growing into a woman. Over time, however, I've come to think that maybe it was a mistake. The fact that Grant, a successful businessman, is ten years older than me was never an issue until the last two years, when for some reason his affection slowed and our love life stopped. And I mean a *full stop*. Nothing! He no longer seemed to have any feelings for me, or any consideration at all.

I'm considered an attractive woman who is in very good shape after having three children. My need for affection is normal, but I have a very high sex drive, which is driving me insane at the moment. Over the last two years my sex toys have been getting a real workout, which is okay but no substitute for the real thing. Grant has even caught me using them, and I *still* got no reaction! I've told him why, but it seems to make no difference. He doesn't listen, and doesn't seem to care.

I have a friend, Sally, who I share all my deepest and darkest secrets with, and vice versa. She's a beautiful woman who is bisexual and has no trouble turning heads from both sexes regardless of the way she dresses or

looks on any given day. She urged me to leave Grant, but as much as I tried, I lacked the strength to go ahead with it, because everyone thinks Grant is such a great man, which he is—until you get him home or in bed.

Sally is single at the moment, since the military stud she had been fucking senseless was given an overseas posting to an American base in Japan. She has given me great sexual relief over the years, because she's a good friend and knows how to fuck. I've never met anyone who can lick pussy and arse like Sally and can fuck me in any position—and makes me come every time!

I work in Adelaide (South Australia) at a large company's head office along with a few other women and some men. All of my colleagues are nice, but none of them are sexual possibilities for me. We have reps that come into work from time to time. One of them, Marcus, is hot hot *hot*. He's about my age, about six feet two, with brown hair and eyes. His features are finely chiseled, and his body makes all the women go to putty around him—some talk *openly* about how they would love to fuck him. He has always been nice to me, and we get on real well. He has a very dry wit and makes me laugh, and his smile is sexy and beautiful.

I developed the habit of finding an

excuse to call Marcus every day so I could hear his sexy voice, which makes me a little moist. Then at night I usually found myself masturbating while fantasizing about him going down on me or fucking me. While this gave me some relief temporarily, I found that it only added to my anxiety, because a dildo isn't the same as a genuine hard cock, which is what I needed.

One day Marcus came into the office and was clearly upset about something. My office was empty, so I asked him in private what was wrong, and he explained that his wife had been acting like a real bitch lately and he'd had no sex for a month.

Immediately, without thinking about what I was saying, I blurted out, "Christ, I know how you feel."

I saw a sparkle in Marcus's eyes, and his expression changed. "Really?" he said. This time I had the sense not to say anything. "You mean," he went on, "you've got some poor sod of a husband who's actually able to keep his hands off you?"

I still didn't say anything, but I looked down, and he said, "I wish I could help you." This time, again without thinking, I said, "You *can*." And with that, the seed was sown! Our eyes were locked together, if not yet our lips. "Hopefully," Marcus said, "that can change soon." I agreed with him. I had never been unfaithful to Grant, but now . . .

That night I couldn't wait to tell Sally. When I did, she came up with a great plan, just like good friends do. She said, "Why don't you stay at my other house?" She has a house in an area about 90 minutes from Adelaide which by chance is in a town near where Marcus has his office. She said she was about to visit her mum in Sydney, and insisted I was welcome to use the house as long as I wanted. "Like maybe tomorrow?" she added.

The next day while I "just happened" to be on the phone with Marcus, I mentioned that I was soon going to be visiting his area for a few days and asked if he might like to catch up over a meal in the town where Sally lives. Without hesitation, he said, "I can't wait," and I thought my heart would beat out of my chest! "I'll bring the wine," he continued, "and we'll eat in." I said I would supply dessert, and he laughed. I gave him the address of the house, and we set it for six o'clock.

The day of the call I went to my local salon and got myself a full Brazilian, then went home and fingered my bare pussy to the quickest orgasm I've ever had! I thought I would go crazy waiting





for the next day to arrive. Meanwhile, I made an excuse to get out of work, and I told Grant I was going to meet up with Sally for a few days, to which he said, with his usual level of interest, "Okay, whatever."

The morning of "the day" I nervously packed my clothes, then set out for Sally's house. The whole drive I felt mixed emotions, but there was no question that what I felt most was *excitement*—excitement that I would finally be with a man I was attracted to, on many levels, and who seemed to *want me*. As I drove on the highway, the slight vibrations in the car—added to the excitement I was already feeling—had my pussy so wet, I felt it making a wet spot on the car seat!

When I finally got to the house, I found it well prepared for the next three days. On the kitchen table I found a couple of bottles of a favorite wine with a note saying, "Have fun." There was a hamper beside the bottles, and in the fridge enough food so that I didn't need to leave the house. Well, that was my plan too! On my pillow in the guest room there was a note that said, "Lube in the bedside table." I thought, dirty bitch, ha ha!

I had a long hot bath to freshen up, along with half a bottle of wine to relax me as much as possible. It was getting close to six when I heard a knock on the door. When I opened it, there was



"When I was naked, Marcus said I was stunning—and he couldn't wait to make me feel like a woman"

Marcus. He quickly stepped inside, where we fell into each other's arms and went into an extremely passionate and erotic kiss, which went on for a good five minutes!

Marcus said he had been waiting for this moment for a *very* long time. "But just now," he said, "it's been a long day, and what I need is a shower." I was tempted to offer to join him, but managed to control myself. Instead, I just directed him to the bathroom, and about 15 minutes later he reappeared with just a towel around his waist, showing his chiseled abs and powerful arms. His build wasn't like a gym junkie's; it was more like a triathlete's—long-muscled and well-defined.

We went back to kissing, but when the towel fell from Marcus's waist, I couldn't wait to see his package. And as soon as I did, I wanted to suck that beautiful cock, which was starting to stiffen up. His balls were really big. I

remember thinking that this guy must be a real breeder.

Before I could dive for his private parts, he took my hand and I led him down the hallway to the bedroom. There he undressed me slowly. When I was naked, he said I was stunning—and he couldn't wait to make me feel like a woman. He picked me up and laid me on the bed, where we kissed again. Soon I felt his hand inside my thighs. Then he was rubbing my pussy, which by then was soaking wet. My clit was swollen and sensitive.

I reached for Marcus's cock, which was rock-hard now. I was pleased to see that it was much longer than my husband's and—more importantly for a woman who's had kids—a lot thicker. As I began to stroke it, I saw precome forming at the large head. I swooped down to lick it up, and as I did, Marcus swung me into a 69 so we could devour each other.



a few minutes of solid pounding, I felt him coming deep in my pussy, which sent me off to another orgasm. He seemed to last for ages. When he finished, his come was running out of me in generous amounts.

Because I had been wanting to taste his come ever since I saw his beautiful cock, I scooped some up from my pussy lips and raised it to my mouth. Just as I was about to savor the taste, I heard the doorbell ring, which sent me into a panic. I had no idea who it could be at Sally's door! As I leapt out of bed and raced to get a robe on, Marcus, seeing my emotional state, laughed and said, "Oh right, sorry, I forget to tell you, when I got out of the shower I ordered a pizza."

Marcus followed me to the door, where the pizza guy looked at me really strangely. When the door was closed behind us, I commented on the look the boy had given me. Marcus laughed again and said that I looked like I had just been fucked, so the guy's look made sense.

We ate our pizza and had a few drinks so we could get our energy back up for round two. As we lay on the couch together, we talked about our issues again, which served to justify why we were both there. Soon I was feeling like sex again. After all, I was making up for lost time, and so was he. He stood up, and I removed his boxers, then knelt in front of him and finally got my mouth on his beautiful cock. It was magical having it in my mouth, and I stuffed as much of it down my throat as I could.

While I sucked Marcus, trying to give him the best blowjob I possibly could, I fondled the portion of his cock that wasn't in my mouth. Occasionally I took it out of my mouth and stroked the whole thing while sucking his balls. At length I got bold and slid my finger in his arse, which sent him over the edge, and another load of come shot its way to the back of my throat. It tasted delicious, and I managed to swallow nearly all of it.

Marcus picked me up and carried me back to the bedroom. He had me get on my hands and knees on the bed and proceeded to lick my pussy and my arse, while always playing with my clit. I was very wet again, and soon felt him line up the head of his cock with my pussy and start slowly pushing his way in. Fuck that! I promptly pushed back to take him fully in one thrust! He fucked me good for 15 minutes, then flipped me on my back and said he wanted to fuck me in the arse!

"I soon felt Marcus start slowly pushing his way in. Fuck that! I promptly pushed back to take him fully in one thrust!"



Marcus must have been to the same oral school as Sally—it wasn't long before I felt that deep feeling within me as a huge orgasm came over me. It had me screaming and shaking. Nevertheless, I kept sucking on his lovely erection, trying with all my best efforts to make him come. But he had great control. Finally he said it was time for him to fuck me. I couldn't wait!

I got him to lie on his back, and I placed my feet on either side of his waist and slowly lowered my pussy onto his ample cock. I moved slowly so I could savor the moment it penetrated

me and stretched the inner walls of my pussy. He kept thrusting gently, and each time I was able to allow more of his cock to enter me, until finally I was filled to the base of it. I started to work up and down its length, moving faster and faster. When it was buried in me, we ground our pubic bones together, and in time I saw in his eyes that he was getting close.

Using his considerable strength, Marcus effortlessly flipped me over on my back, pulling my legs over his broad shoulders, and started fucking me with long, deliberate strokes. After

I was in heaven! I always enjoyed anal sex, thanks to Sally and her toys and tongue. Marcus asked for some lube—and from Sally's note, I knew to look in the bedside table. Sure enough, there it was, and I generously lathered up Marcus's cock and my arse, knowing I had never had anything this big up there before. I got on my back and pulled my knees up to my chest, allowing him full access to my anus, which he tongued and fingered. When he started easing his cock in, at first there was some resistance, but with patience and a few deep breaths I relaxed enough to have his cockhead pass through my ring. At that point, working with Marcus I was able to open up and allow him to fuck me with full, steady strokes.

In time that beautiful feeling overwhelmed me—a feeling of passion and sexual hunger, and I encouraged Marcus to fuck me harder. Not long after, we were fucking like wild animals, a physical sensation that we all crave from time to time. While I rubbed my clit, Marcus kept fucking my ass and sucked my sensitive nipples, which were hard as marbles. He was like a machine as he fucked me, never slowing up except now and then just to change things up a little, after which he sped up again. Soon I felt myself getting closer to orgasm. I had never had three orgasms in one evening, but Marcus was not your usual lover. When it hit, as it washed over me he arched his back and grunted, unloading his come in my bowels.

That night I fell asleep *truly contented*, knowing that I was in the arms of someone I longed for and that I had been sexually satisfied past my imagination. It was almost like Sally had told Marcus what to do to me, but as far as I knew they'd never even met, let alone spoken to each other.

Over our three days together, Marcus managed to find excuses and work close by so we could fuck each other senseless. On our last morning I decided to make him a big hot breakfast. He told me to wear just an apron and nothing else, and all the time I was cooking I felt the heat in my pussy, which got wetter and wetter with anticipation because I didn't know what he had planned.

After we finished breakfast, Marcus lifted me up on the chair and we kissed passionately. Then he laid me down gently on the table, lifted my apron and spread my legs so he could lick my pussy. I was on fire and begged him to fuck me. With the table at the perfect

height, he lifted my legs to his hard-muscled chest, aligned his cock to my moist entrance and slowly penetrated my aching pussy, which clung to his every thrust. I felt myself building to another orgasm. It came suddenly, and was so powerful that I knocked almost everything off the table. Not long after, Marcus pushed himself into me one last time and emptied his balls deep inside me.

I gave him one last kiss as he went off to work. Parting was made easier by our knowing, without even discussing it, that this wouldn't be the last time we fucked. Once he was gone, I tidied up the house, except for the sheets—at Sally's request. My friend the deviant wanted to masturbate and sleep in those sheets when she got home so she could imagine what happened! Can you imagine? I was going to tell her everything anyway.

I did have momentary flashes that maybe Sally might steal Marcus from

me. But if it came to that, I supposed we could have a threesome.

All the way back to Adelaide I kept the car windows up so I could smell the juices emanating from my pussy, both Marcus's and mine. After our three days together, my pussy was satisfied in a way it hadn't been in longer than I could remember, maybe *never*! In just those three days all my tension had been relieved.

Of course that relief is only temporary, and since that romantic getaway Marcus and I have hooked up a few times. On each occasion it's been just as good. After the last time, we agreed on taking the big step: Both of us filed for divorce so we can be together full-time. Life is too short to be miserable! I finally came to understand that for my kids too it's no good to continue living in a home so barren of love.

Very soon now, Marcus and I will belong to each other. I can't wait.—
C.R., Adelaide, South Australia



LETTERS

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Her hot male coworker knew there was nothing innocent about her

I turned 30 my first week on a new job. As my birthday wish, I vowed—after years of on-again, off-again heart-break—to bring the spice back to my unintentionally abstinent life. And it was like the gods of lust were listening, because on that very day I met Martin.

It didn't take long to figure out that he was the very spice I was looking for. He was flirting with me almost immediately. Like he always made sure to speak just loud enough for me to hear the stories he told the office guys about the girls he had banged. He made frequent reference to his "nine-inch cock," usually looking at me when he mentioned it.

Somehow he knew that I wasn't the innocent girl I appeared to be. He guessed that my ears would perk up when he talked about sex. Sometimes I was shocked at the feats he claimed to have performed in the bedroom, but in fact the more shocking the fuck story, the more I wanted to experience that for myself!

Many times while I was listening to Martin's hot fuck stories, I became so turned on that I had to excuse myself to the bathroom to get myself off. By the end of that first week there had been a lot of looks, smiles and accidental brushings-up against each other in the halls.

One day I had to go to the supermarket to get a cake for a coworker's birth-

day. My car was parked right next to Martin's truck. As I approached, I heard the side door of the truck open. Of course it was Martin.

I walked over to where he was sitting—on the tailgate. He looked in my eyes with this real naughty grin, and I knew he wanted me to kiss him. So I did. I leaned in and did it softly. A minute later we were exploring each other's mouths with our tongues.

When he began to pull away, I bit his lip to let him know I wasn't ready to part. Just then we heard our boss coming out of the building, so we stepped apart. I proceeded to the supermarket, and Martin went back inside. While I was driving to the store I smiled, fantasizing about him bending me over his tailgate and introducing my wet pussy to his famous nine-inch cock.

When I got back to work, I had to take one of my bathroom breaks. I plunged two fingers in my hole and rode my hand while teasing my clit lightly. I came quietly, then quickly returned to my desk. Before going home that night, I wrote down my online screen name and handed it to Martin.

Later I found him online and asked if he wanted me to turn on my webcam. He instantly typed yes! I turned the cam on to show me sitting wearing black-and-white satin lingerie, no panties, with a long black robe. I asked if he had a webcam, and he responded by turning it on. It was dark in his room, but I could tell he was naked. He said how great

my tits looked and how glad he was to see them, and asked if he could see more of them. I teased him by rubbing them through the satin gown and lifting it slowly so he could see them.

I squeezed my nipples while looking lustfully into the camera. Then I stopped and typed out, "I want to

see that nine-inch cock you claim to have." Without hesitation, he stood up and displayed his schlong for me. It was already hard, and it was big and beautiful. I don't suppose it was really nine inches, but who cares? It looked fantastic. Seeing that beautiful slab of meat made me want him even more.





I couldn't control myself—I had to show him how badly I wanted him. I leaned back in my chair, parted my legs and showed him my pussy. I teased him by rubbing my clit slowly. I sank one finger in me, and soon my whole body was shaking and I was breathing hard. I looked up at my computer and saw that Martin was stroking his cock and looking lustfully into the camera. Moments later we each came while the other one was watching.

When we regained our composure, we typed back and forth about how hot our on-cam masturbation session was. We said good night, and I knew both of us were looking forward to work. That morning when Martin saw me, he came up behind me and whispered, "You

have no idea how badly I want to be inside you."

As he pulled away, he nibbled on my ear, enough to make it sting. My whole body tingled! I reached behind me to rub his cock through his pants and felt his bulge growing. I waited a few seconds and then stopped touching him and walked away.

It was so busy that day that we saw little of each other until the afternoon staff meeting with our boss. At the meeting, the boss asked who could stay late to lock up, as he had to leave early. Martin and I spoke up at the same time, then looked at each other and smiled. The boss said that that would work out fine, since he didn't want me to stay so late all by myself. Later, on his way

out, he handed us the keys.

As soon as everyone had left, Martin grabbed my hand and said for me to follow him. In the office lobby he backed me up against the wall, then kissed my neck. He moved up to my ear, giving me a quick nibble, again making it sting a little.

There was a couch in the lobby. I led Martin to it and said for him to sit down. I pulled up my skirt, straddled him and kissed him hard. He took off my shirt, exposing my black lace bra. He kissed my neck while he unhooked it. After he got it off, he sucked one of my hard nipples into his mouth while grasping the other nipple with his warm hand.

We dry-humped and kissed until Martin said he was really hard for me. He

moved my panties to the side to feel my wetness. I moaned while he rubbed back and forth and played with my clit. He put a finger inside me while continuing to tease my clit. I enjoyed this for a few minutes, then stood up, causing his finger to slide out of me.

I knelt and rubbed his big cock, which was pressing against his jeans. I opened the jeans, took his cock in hand and stroked it while looking in his eyes. I began to lick it, working my way from the back of his balls to the top of the throbbing head. I took that big cock in my mouth—moaning as I did, causing a vibration. Sighing, he took my long hair in his hands and moved my head up and down as I mouth-fucked him.

I was really getting into it when he stopped me. "You suck dick great, baby," he said, "but right now it's your pussy I want."

Martin stood up, put his hands on my hips and laid me on the couch. As he knelt into me, I parted my legs to show him what he wanted, at the same time

around his cock, and he knew I was about to come. "Let it go, baby!" he roared. His strokes kept going back and forth between faster and slower until he shot his load inside me. We both cried out and collapsed.

As he walked me to my car, we joked that it was worth every minute of teas-

denied my physical wants (even though I suspected the interest was mutual) in order to maintain our professional relationship.

I sometimes caught him watching me when I bent over to get a file out of a low cabinet drawer or I leaned across my desk to answer the phone. I like wearing skirts with thigh-high stockings and thong panties underneath. When I bend over, the skirt rides up my thighs, giving anyone who's watching a glimpse of skin.

A few months ago Gregory was instrumental in our firm's winning a huge contract, which earned him a promotion—and a job in a different city! The day before he left, he invited me to his office for a celebratory good-bye drink.

I wasn't prepared for the sudden urgency I felt at his offer. The thought of having him inside me made me tremble with desire. When I entered his office, he was at his desk pouring a pair of drinks. I sat across from him and rested my high-heeled pumps on the edge of the desk, stretching out my long legs. While we sipped our drinks, chatting desultorily, the air was electric with unspoken desire.

Finally Gregory reached across the desk and ran his hand slowly up my leg and around to my inner thigh, stroking my silky skin. "All right, I'll say it," he murmured hoarsely. "You're driving me wild, woman. Just thinking about being deep in your sweet pussy gets me hard."

His words immediately got

me excited. I got up and walked around to his side of the desk, bent over and brushed his lips. Spreading my legs, I straddled his lap so my skirt hitched high up on my hips. He had to feel the heat from my pussy radiating into his pants. He grabbed my ass and pulled me closer, groaning as I pushed my pussy against his throbbing package.

"Tell you what," I said. "I'll let you shove your cock in me if you promise to fuck me hard and deep."

Our lips joined in a soft kiss that ignited rapidly into an inferno. My nipples stood rigid against the material of my blouse. Gregory undid all of the buttons, pulled the blouse off and probed the fullness of my breasts with his mouth. As his tongue circled my nipples, his hands ran down my back until they reached my ass. He began rocking my pelvis slowly and rhythmically up against his erection.

"I promise," he said. "I promise to fuck your sweet pussy hard and deep."

I was aching for Martin's big cock, but I couldn't let him have me yet. I squirmed off his lap and sat on the edge of the desk, spreading my legs so he could see my thong panties. He ran his hand all along the thong. I moaned as he pressed my clit through it. He slid a finger under the thong and pulled it aside, baring my bare pussy. He bent down and gently bit the inside of my thigh, then planted his mouth over my moist, smooth mound and ran his



yelling, "Fuck me, Martin!"

He teased me, rubbing his cock from my clit to my wet hole while asking, "Are you ready for me to make you come, Amy?" Before I could say yes, he filled me with his cock with one steady stroke. I bucked up against him and moaned. I said how good it felt to finally have him inside me, and begged him to fuck me real hard. He had me heaving and shouting as he pumped me harder, then eased off.

My pussy tightened

ing over the last two weeks. We agreed that we should stay late again soon. Now I look forward to going to work every morning.—A.R., Winnipeg, Manitoba

His day of departure was their last chance to make some magic

My fantasy man was a real person I'll call Gregory, with whom I had a really pleasant working relationship. Ever since I met him I had been drawn to him, but I had

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tongue the length of my slit. "God," he growled, "your pussy is even sweeter than I imagined!" He flicked his tongue over my clit—quickly at first, then more slowly, moving in small circles. He brought his tongue to my opening and darted it in and out, then stopped to suck my throbbing clit.

Seeing Martin between my legs devouring my pussy made me even wetter. I was moaning loudly, and knew he would make me come if I didn't stop him. Sensing this, he leaned me back on the desk, holding me down by my hands while working my nipples over and grinding his pelvis into my pussy.

I wrapped my legs firmly around him and gasped, "I want to taste you first."

over his full shaft, then focusing on the head. He laced his fingers through my hair, tracking my head as it slid up and down him. He grunted as I sped up and slid his cock deeper in my throat. With one hand I stroked all of his shaft that wasn't in my mouth, while with the other I tickled the area between his ass and his balls.

His moans grew louder, his grip on my hair tighter—I thought he would shoot down my throat! Suddenly he stood, flipped me around and bent me over the desk. While I hung on to the edge, he grabbed my hips from behind and used his knees to spread my thighs wider. I arched my back, pushing my ass against him. He lifted my skirt to my waist, expos-

while thumb-teasing my clit. I grasped that thumb with my pussy muscles and fantasized that it was his cock I was milking. He withdrew it and with both hands tugged my thong down over my thighs, exposing my pussy.

I was moaning nonstop. "Fuck me!" I pleaded. "Ram your cock all the way in!"

I arched my back to its fullest, and my hair cascaded down my back as again I pushed my ass back at him. His cock touched my

"Seeing Martin between my legs devouring my pussy made me even wetter. I knew he would make me come if I didn't stop him"

He let me push him off me and set him back in his chair. I undid his pants, then went down on him, starting with long, slow licks on the underside of his shaft, working my way from the bottom up to the twitching head. I swirled my tongue around the ridge, flicking at his sweet spot before taking him all the way in.

I varied the depth of my strokes, thrusting my mouth

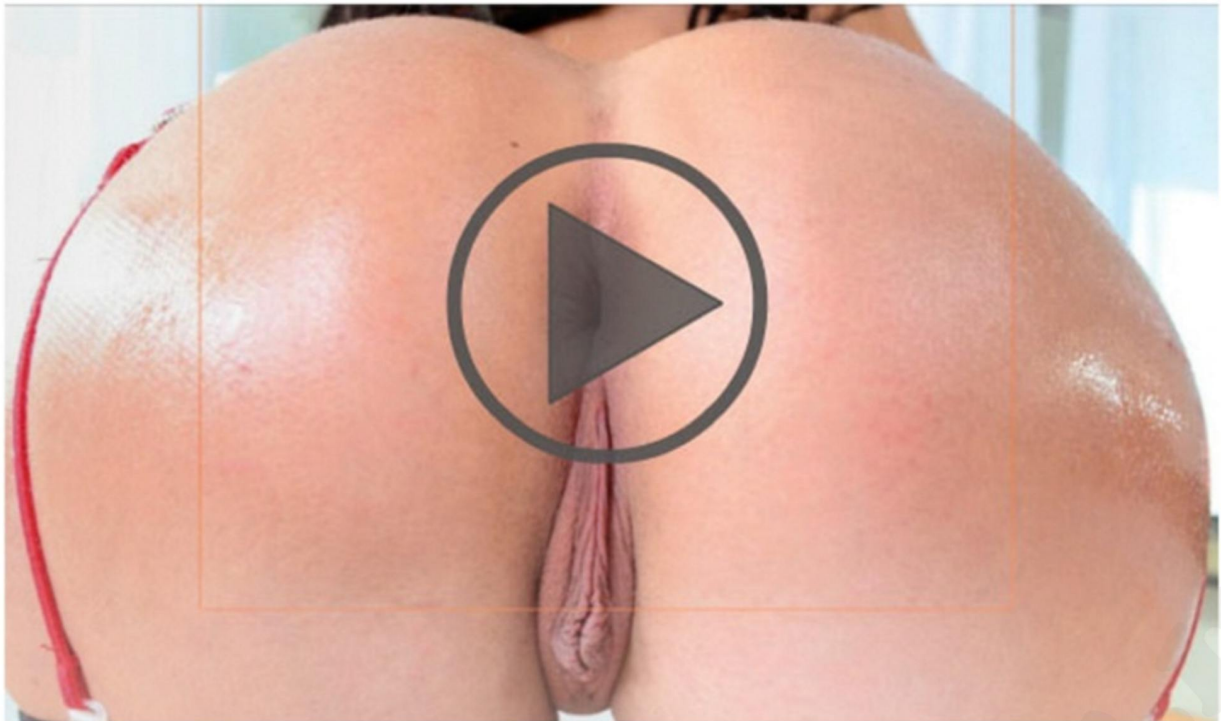
ing my ass and black thong. His hand slid over the thong, pressing the wetness.

I moaned as his fingers pressed my clit. I pushed my pussy into his hand, and he massaged it. In a deep voice, he said, "God, you're wet! I love a wet pussy." He slid a finger in and diddled my depths. "And you're so damn hot," he growled. "I can hardly wait to fuck you."

He stroked my G-spot



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buttocks and twitched. Taking it in hand, he moved it to my pussy, but stopped when it touched my opening. He made a game of it, torturing me, keeping his cock close to my opening—circling, never entering.

I looked over my shoulder and our eyes locked. "Fuck me, damn you!" I cried.

With a nod Martin lunged, pushing his cockhead partway in me. I moaned and pushed back, trying to draw him in deeper, but he was determined to do it his way, even though I knew he wanted to bury himself in me just

as much as I wanted him to.

He pulled back and proceeded to move his cock partway in and out of my cunt. My cries of lust and frustration filled the office. Finally he too couldn't wait any longer, and he rammed into me. For a moment he held himself there, watching as I writhed and moaned, my pussy clenching and unclenching around him.

With his hands on my hips he began to give me what we'd both wanted so long, pulling me to him as he thrust and pushing off from me as he pulled out. As my

world rocked out of control, I gulped for air. "Baby, I'm coming!" I cried. "Fuck me hard and deep!"

He moved faster, his pelvis pressing my ass with each stroke. I screamed as I went over the edge. But he was still moving vigorously. "Christ, I'm going to blast your hot pussy!" he panted. "Gonna fill you, girl!"

Bracing myself against the desk, I took his thrusts in, shaking and quivering with the power of his lust as well as the aftermath of my orgasm. I squeezed my muscles, trying to hold his

manhood inside me. Then he groaned and thrust his cock, which convulsed as he pumped his come in me. He pulled it out briefly to let it shoot on my pussy, then rammed it all the way back in and finished coming.

As we recovered our breath and straightened ourselves up, we promised to keep in touch, but I think we both knew it wouldn't happen. This first time was the ultimate realization of our long-postponed desires. Nothing could ever be as good again. And the next day Martin was gone.—N.L., Charleston, South Carolina

At first it was only two strangers' "mutually admiring glances"

I was headed downtown for a client meeting but had allowed time to stop at the gym for a women's weightlifting class. After the class, I showered and dressed in my business suit. I still had time before my meeting, so I decided to head to the coffee joint down the street to do some last-minute preparation for my clients.

But as soon as I walked in, everything else went out of my head as my eyes went to a guy sitting at one of the small tables working away at his laptop. He was wearing a crisp suit and a starched shirt; I even noticed the sheen of his tie. He glanced up and noticed me, but I left it as one of those mutually admiring glances that happen between adults.

I ordered my coffee and couldn't help looking over at

the guy again. There was just something about him that was stirring up a tingle between my legs. I felt the heat building up when I realized that his gaze had intensified to a very masculine once-over. It was like his

little to readjust everything, but I also took the suit jacket off so he could get a fuller glimpse of me.

While I was having dirty thoughts, imagining kissing him, he got up and walked over to my table, then sat

eyebrow. Nobody noticed!

"My name is Dan," he said, staring into my eyes. I was paralyzed, transfixed by his hands and the racing of my pulse. Here was this complete stranger doing things my husband hadn't ever done to me—certainly not in a public place!

Dan leaned in closer, and his hand moved up my thigh to my panties. I smelled my arousal myself at this point, and my gaze wouldn't leave his. He pushed my panties aside and ran his fingers up my pussy lips. As his index finger penetrated me, I gasped. I couldn't believe how much I wanted to fuck him. I'd never felt anything so carnal. Again I looked around desperately to see if anyone was on to what he was doing. Still no one!

I had to pull away to catch my breath. I got up and made my way to the rest room. Dan followed close behind! We slid in the men's room and locked the door. He pushed me against the wall, pulled my head to his and kissed me roughly. His knee spread my legs apart, and he pressed his hard cock against my hips.

He kissed and bit his way down my neck. I felt his scratchy stubble leaving its mark on me and his saliva leaving a trail down my neck. When he got to my chest, he pulled down my top and then my bra. As he licked and sucked and playfully bit my nipples, I tried like hell to stifle my moans. God, I wanted him!

Just then he stood up and pulled me up on the

edge of the sink. He leaned me back, then crouched between my thighs. He began to pull my panties down while kissing up and down my inner thighs. Once he had my panties off, he pushed my skirt up, revealing my pussy. With a slow lick he parted my lips. His tongue circled my clit, then dived in my cunt.

I just kept getting hotter. I was unbelievably close to coming. Then he stopped and said to suck him. He kissed me hard, and I tasted myself on his mouth. He undid his belt and his pants, and released his cock from its confines. There was urgency in his eyes, but I took my time. I licked and nibbled up his thigh, then slowly took his left ball in my mouth and sucked it, then did the same with the right.

I still hadn't touched his erection. Now my tongue made its way to the base and licked the underside all the way up to the tip. I got a grip on the base and stroked it while my lips slid over the head. I let my lips move up and down the shaft along with my hand. He was holding my head, guiding my rhythm. He shook each time he slid his cock in me.

I stood up to kiss him, but the urgency now was too intense for him. He turned me around so my hands were holding on to the sink, and we both watched in the mirror as he slid in me from behind. He started slowly, but it didn't take long before he was fucking me hard. I felt each thrust penetrate deeper, pushing me to the limit.



"I had to pull away to catch my breath. I got up and made my way to the rest room. Dan followed close behind! We slid in the men's room"

eyes were burning into me.

I settled my things a few tables away from his, set up my laptop and fumbled with my client notes. I glanced over at him again, and saw him blatantly staring at me! I couldn't believe how hot it was making me. I tugged the skirt of my suit down a

and wordlessly leaned in toward me. I can't describe my shock when I felt his hand slide up my skirt! We were in a more private part of the coffee place, but I still had to look around to see if anyone had noticed this outrageous behavior. I didn't see as much as a raised

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My pussy tightened around his cock, pulsing urgently as I got closer to climax. He leaned in and bit my neck and earlobe—and set me on fire! He reached around and rubbed my clit. He placed his hand over my mouth to muffle my cries, not long before he reached his peak and started to spill his come. I felt the heat of it jetting into me.

He turned me around and again kissed me roughly, then slid out of me, zipped

up his pants and did up his belt—and then he turned around and walked out!

I turned to look at myself in the mirror again and began readjusting myself so I looked decent. I still smelled him on me, and his cream was running down my thighs. Once I'd cleaned up, I left the men's room and looked around for him in the coffee place. But he was gone!

I packed up my things to proceed to my meeting, dazed. When I lifted my lap-

top and put it in my bag, I noticed a business card, for a Daniel something. I guess the ball's in my court now.—*H.L., Houston, Texas*

It wasn't just the armful of clothes she meant to try in the dressing room

For my 25th birthday my girlfriend had planned a night out consisting of dinner followed by a movie and dancing. For the big night she wanted to go to the mall to pick out a new outfit, so off we went.

Now Stephanie is really beautiful, with long brown hair, mesmerizing blue eyes and a nice petite body, with cock-tinglingly fine breasts and a shapely ass. She was 24, and we'd been together for two years.

Steph was always a treat in bed, but also extremely reserved. Though she was a virgin when we got together, she never appeared shocked when I shared my fantasies with her—she just didn't seem keen to participate in any of them. Still, I hoped that someday she'd help me fulfill some if not all of those fantasies.

So we made it to the mall, and while Steph insisted she pretty much knew what she wanted to get in the store she wanted to shop in, I knew that that wasn't going to stop her from looking at everything there was to see. After about an hour she had an armful of clothes she announced she was ready to try on and wanted my opinion on. "You just sit here," she said with a grin, "and

I will try them all on for you."

Thinking she was being smart, I said, "Oh, the highlight of my day."

We spent the next 15 or 20 minutes with her putting on outfits and coming out to show them to me, then going back in to change. Finally she poked her head out the dressing-room door and said she had "one last look" to show me, but this one was a little more revealing than she was used to and so she wanted me to come in the dressing room to see it.

As I walked toward the door, Steph pulled her head back inside the dressing room. When I opened the door, I froze—and my eyes almost popped out of my head. There she was, completely naked! And immediately I noticed that Steph's pussy was completely bald! She had never done that before, but she always knew I wanted her to.

"Well," she said, "what do you think?"

I probably had the stupidest look on my face. Before I could get a word out, she pulled me inside the room and shut the door, and in no time she was on her knees. She fished my cock out of my pants, put it in her mouth and just held it there without moving until I was totally hard.

I had never felt my cock grow in someone's throat before. It felt fantastic! Once it had grown to its full six inches, she took it out of her mouth and started to move her hand up and down it while lightly licking and suck-

ing on my freshly shaved balls, something she had come to love to do. After a while she looked up at me and said, "I want you to fuck my mouth."

Steph took the tip of my cock back in her mouth, and from there I knew what to do. I pushed the length in slowly until it was all the way in, then I pulled out slowly until the tip was barely in her mouth, and then pushed back in. I kept doing this, gradually picking up speed until I was fucking her mouth at a good pace.

This was something Steph had never let me do with her. The few times she had tried taking my cock in her mouth, she quickly gagged and needed me to pull out. I was willing, even eager, to try to learn to do it right, but until now she seemed to have given up on it.

It didn't take me long to reach the brink of orgasm, and she knew it. She started to moan around my cock, which encouraged me to keep going, until my body went stiff and I exploded in her mouth. Without even allowing her time to swallow it all, I quickly pulled her to her feet and kissed her, taking some of my own come in my mouth.

In one quick motion I grabbed hold of her gorgeous ass, lifted her up and pushed her back against the wall. I moved down her and went to work on her nipples—while I sucked on one, I'd have the other between my fingers, moving back and forth until they were standing out hard.

Steph's nipples are so sensitive that at times I've made her come just from playing with them. And this day she was already so wet that I smelled the sweet aroma of her pussy and couldn't wait any longer. I moved down her and lifted her so her legs were over my shoulders, then took a deep breath and took a first

turned her around and bent her over. Thinking I was about to take her from behind, she looked at my cock and saw how hard it was. "Oh God, yes," she said, "put it in me. I need it bad."

But instead, I got back down on my knees, now behind her, and shoved my tongue in her cunt, which caused her to go weak in

the knees. I've never been able to get enough of her come, so I was furiously licking, sucking and tongue-fucking her, doing my best to drive her crazy.

I took my tongue out of her cunt and moved it up and down from her hole to her clit, flicking my tongue every time I touched her clit. I moved up and licked



lick of her beautiful pussy.

That light lick sent shivers through her, which made me want her more. I buried my face in her pussy, and my face quickly was covered with her warm juices. I started to suck her clit in and out of my mouth, and she went so wild, I had to hold her up so she didn't fall! At the same time I saw her biting her own arm so she wouldn't scream!

I put her down, and once she had recovered a little, I

"Immediately I noticed that Steph's pussy was completely bald! She had never done that before, but she always knew I wanted her to"

her pretty rosebud lightly. This surprised her, but she didn't stop me. I licked a few more times, and a moan escaped her, which made me really get into it.

In no time I was rubbing her clit with my thumb while I had two fingers in her pussy rubbing her G-spot, and my tongue was all over her asshole. When I sensed she was about to come, I turned around and got between her legs and sucked her clit. This sent her over the edge, but I kept right on sucking! While she tried to catch her breath, she turned her head and asked, "What're you trying to do, lick me dry?"

"That's the idea," I said.

I spun her around, picked her up so that her legs were hanging over my arms and

for a second, then lowered my head back to her pussy and licked the juice from it. When I'd gotten it all, I slid my tongue in her hole and scooped out some of my own come.

I moved up, and she sucked my tongue into her mouth. As she did this, she positioned my cock at the entrance of her cunt, and I entered her again. She wrapped her legs forcefully around my waist and demanded that I fuck her one more time. With her legs around me and her hands on my ass pushing me forward, I fucked her as fast and hard as I could. In about five minutes she was coming, and I knew I was about to. I pulled out and stood up, then placed my

think about was how the rest of my birthday was going to go. (It went great!)—*L.A., Wilmington, North Carolina*

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"I knew I was about to come. I pulled out and stood up, then placed my cock directly in front of her mouth, which she opened"

pinned her against the wall. Without warning I rammed my cock in her all the way. She bit my shoulder, and I fucked her faster and harder. Her pussy was squeezing my dick something wild, making me get closer and closer to my climax, until I exploded in her.

I sat Steph on the bench. Our eyes connected, and I smiled at her. I got down on my knees and kissed her

cock directly in front of her mouth, which she opened just in time to catch all of my come.

I got dressed quickly, then kissed Steph and told her to take as long as she needed to get herself presentable. A half-hour later she came out of the dressing room. She bought all the clothes she had tried on, and as we walked out of the store, the only thing I could



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and squeezed her tits and hard nipples. After a couple of dates, he progressed to putting a hand between her legs and rubbing her pussy, and that really turned her on.

After that, she let him undo her pants and put his hand in her panties and rub her pussy. She couldn't help but respond to the sensations she felt when he rubbed and tweaked her clit while finger-fucking her wet cunt, usually bringing her to climax. He also took his cock out, and she squeezed and pulled on it.

After a few more trips to the park, things progressed to the point of Dave eating Liz's pussy, and he asked her to suck his cock. This was awkward for her at first. She couldn't take his entire length, but still she loved kissing his hard cock and taking it in her mouth. She'd seen pictures of naked men, but to actually see and feel a cock and balls and suck on them was a thrill. To make things easier she started wearing full skirts so he could get her panties off quickly and have better access to her pussy—and she could cover up quickly if someone came by.

One summer night, when they parked in their usual spot, Dave said he'd brought a blanket and thought it would be fun to move to a secluded area of the park and make out under the stars. Once they got on the blanket it didn't take long for him to get her skirt up, her panties off and his pants down. After some heavy foreplay he got on top of

her and put his cock at the entrance to her pussy.

Liz said she was nervous at first, having never gone all the way, but the feeling of Dave penetrating her with his cock was incredible. He started out slowly and easily, until he had it all the way in. Then he picked up the pace, and it was great! She had an unbelievable climax, she said, and he was conscientious enough to pull out in time to come all over her legs and pubic hair.

This opened up a whole new world of sexual pleasure for Liz. Dave brought condoms so he could stay inside her when he climaxed, and she loved it when he tensed up and came in her pussy. They repeated this almost every weekend, except when she had her period. Those days he brought her to climax by rubbing her pussy, and she sucked his cock till he was almost there. Then she jerked him off and watched him come.

After they'd been dating for about a year, Liz's father got a job transfer that required him to move his family to another state. Liz knew she would miss her relationship with Dave, but by then she also knew he wasn't a man she wanted to spend her life with. The sex was great, and she'd never forget her first lover and the good times they experienced, but they had little else in common, and she was ready to move on. So the timing was right for her.

In her new home Liz quickly made new friends. She dated several college



guys, who took her to the local lovers' lane, a wooded area just outside of town. There she let them kiss her, feel her up and suck on her breasts, and she felt their cocks. But that's as far as it went. None of the guys measured up to Dave, and she wasn't ready to go all the way with any of them.

One night she met a guy at a local dance. She was drawn immediately to Ned, who was very good-looking, a big, strong athletic type. He was a good dancer, with plenty of sexy moves. They got along fine, and stayed together all evening. At the close of the dance Ned said he had an apartment nearby



Revisiting his wife's storied past creates a more vivid present

I knew when we got married that Liz had had a couple of intimate relationships, but she's a great girl, very outgoing, with a great figure and great personality, and we were madly in love. I knew I wanted her to be my wife.

After a couple of years of marriage I started asking Liz about her former lovers. At first she was reluctant to say anything. Then one night while we were making love after we'd attended a party I asked about it again, and I guess she'd drunk enough that she opened up.

She said she matured early, and by age 18 was highly desired by men, but she was shy and modest and was never seriously involved with a man. But that didn't mean she was never involved with any.

In her town there was a little park that was a kind of hangout for young people, and guys from the nearby Army base would come into town and try to pick up girls there. She hit it off with one named Dave, who told her he'd just gotten a "Dear John" letter from his (now) ex-girlfriend, and after a few weeks she started seeing him regularly.

He would pick her up in town and they'd head out to the park, where they made out in his car. He was much more experienced, but he didn't rush her. It started out with him kissing her and feeling her breasts—she loved how it felt when he rubbed

she definitely enjoyed being desired by an older man and anticipating having good sex again.

On their second date they caught an early movie, then picked up some Chinese food that they took to Ned's apartment. After eating, they started up where they left off the week before. It didn't take long for Ned to undress Liz, who felt a rush when he took off her bra and fondled and sucked her tits. He pulled down her panties and set a hand on her pussy, and she opened her legs to let him feel her all he wanted. She went wild when he inserted a finger in her.

In spite of her experience with Dave, this felt to Liz like the hottest thing she'd ever done. She loved the idea of standing naked with Ned and letting him have his way with her. When he stripped, she was impressed with the size of his cock too. She could hardly restrain herself from going down on her knees and kissing it.

Before long they moved from the living room to the bedroom, where he laid her on the bed and in no time had his big cock—much larger than Dave's—at the entrance to her pussy. She loved the way it felt going in, the way it stretched and filled her pussy. At first he went slowly, but it didn't take long for her cunt to adapt to his size, and then he fucked her hard and fast. It wasn't long before he brought her to a roaring climax.

For the next few months Liz and Ned got together regularly at his place, not

really dating, just ordering in something to eat and having incredible sex.

Ned, a real macho man, liked to give orders. Sometimes he had Liz dance and strip in front of him, then felt her up. She said there was nothing sexier than taking her clothes off and showing him her tits, ass and pussy. Sometimes he had her bend over with her legs spread, then got on his knees and tongued her ass and pussy, then got her on her hands and knees to fuck her doggie-style. She said it felt fantastic, him fucking her from behind, driving his big cock way up in her pussy. He told her how hot her ass looked, and how he loved watching his cock pound her sexy pussy; while he fucked her hard, he reached around and squeezed her tits.

Liz knew that Ned was just using her young body for his pleasure, but she wasn't looking for a serious relationship. She was having as much fun as he was.

It was about this time that I entered the picture. A mutual friend of Liz's and mine introduced us, and I fell for her hook, line and sinker. I called her frequently, and she finally agreed to go out with me, although she was still seeing Ned on a fairly regular basis.

However, our relationship was much different from theirs. We really cared for each other. I knew she was seeing him, and assumed she was sleeping with him. (I knew from his reputation that he didn't stay with a girl who didn't put out.) But I

bided my time, not pressing her for sex, though of course I was burning to fuck her.

After a while, as I expected, Liz's relationship with Ned cooled and he went on to other conquests. Eventually she and I had sex, and it was amazing. We dated for a couple of years, until I asked her to marry me. We've been married for almost five years now.

As I said, Liz finally confided all this to me that night in bed. I had wanted to hear about her past lovers for a long time, and when I did, instead of being jealous, I got really excited. I started rubbing her pussy with one hand and feeling her breasts with the other. She said if she'd known her story would have this effect on me, she would have told me sooner!

Bravely, I asked her how I measured up against her

previous boyfriends. She was quiet for a bit. When I told her it was all right to be honest, finally she said that Ned's cock was much bigger than mine, and that did give her heaps of pleasure when he pumped it in and out of her. And she said that Dave's cock, while not as big as Ned's, was also bigger than mine.

I asked if she missed having those big cocks in her, and again she went silent. When I told her I found it exciting to think of her getting fucked by a big cock, she admitted she'd loved the way those big cocks had stretched her pussy and filled her up. I heard the excitement in her voice, and asked if she'd like to get fucked by a big cock again. She replied, rather carefully, that as much as she'd enjoyed that, she would never



LETTERS

and asked if she'd like to come to his place for some refreshments. She said she'd like to, but it was late and she had to get home so her parents wouldn't worry. Then Ned asked if she'd go out with him Friday night, and she said yes.

Liz was excited. She knew what Ned wanted, and by now she was ready. She was missing all the erotic

sensations she had found with Dave, and had a strong feeling she might find them again with Ned. All week she wondered what sex with him would be like. He was older, in his mid-20s, and had a reputation for being a ladies' man.

On Friday evening Ned picked her up and they went to a restaurant. After dinner he said he'd like to show her

his hand to her breast, then squeezed it gently, and she moaned. Soon he had her blouse open and her bra pushed up out of the way. He told her she had great tits, then sucked on them, making her nipples hard. A minute later he had his hand between her legs and was feeling her pussy through her pants.

Liz liked Ned's assertive style, and loved being felt up by him. Soon he had her slacks undone and his hand in her panties, finger-fucking her. He took his cock out and set her hand on it, and she wrapped her fingers around it and squeezed it. By now she had seen and felt a number of cocks, and she realized that Ned's was very large. She was in heaven as he continued to rub her clit and work his fingers in and out of her.

But she stopped him when he started pulling her slacks the rest of the way down. She said it was late and she better get home. She was tempted to let him see her naked and fuck her, but she thought that would be too much too soon. He was disappointed, but he wisely accepted her decision, knowing there would be other times. While he drove her home, she didn't object when he put his hand between her legs and diddled her pussy. And when he asked her out for the next week, she accepted.

Liz looked forward to it all week. Though she doubted she'd have a lasting relationship with Ned—what he was mostly was a womanizer—



"Liz liked Ned's assertive style. Soon he had his hand in her panties, finger-fucking her. He took his cock out, set her hand on it, and she squeezed it"

his apartment. She knew what that meant, and she was looking forward to it.

When they arrived at Dave's place, he got two beers out of the fridge and offered Liz one. She hadn't had much drinking experience, so she declined, but accepted the offer of a Coke. They sat on his couch, and Ned didn't waste any time. He kissed her, and moved

YOUNG MEN WANTED

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UNLOCK THE LIFESTYLE



"Liz said there was something I should know. Last year she had gone to a club with her girlfriend Edie, a single girl with a pretty wild lifestyle"

do anything to hurt me. But I could tell that she was excited by the thought. She started to climax as I continued to rub her pussy.

After she came, I told her that thinking about her with someone else, especially a man with a really big cock, really turned me on too. I said I thought it would be exciting for both of us if she found a really hung lover, as long as she told me all about it afterward. She got hot all

over again, and we fucked like jackrabbits.

When we were done, Liz delivered a helluva surprise. She said that she didn't want to hurt me, but since I felt that way about her and other guys, there was something I should know. She said that last year, when I was working out of town for six weeks, one Friday night she had gone with her girlfriend Edie to a club. She was apprehensive, knowing that Edie,

a single girl, had a pretty wild lifestyle. But after some coaxing from Edie, she decided it might be fun to get out of the house.

The place was crowded, so they stood near the bar and ordered drinks. Two men Edie had met before were sitting there and offered them their seats. Edie paired up with one of them, Hal, and spent a lot of the evening on the dance floor with him—leaving Liz with the other man, Gene. This was okay with her, as he had a great personality and she enjoyed his company. He was also a good dancer, and she loves to dance.

Between dances Gene and Hal took turns buying the girls drinks. Liz said she drank way more than she should have. At closing time Edie asked the men if they'd

like to come to her place, which was near the club, for a nightcap, and they said they'd like that fine.

In her apartment Edie mixed a pitcher of margaritas. Then she and Hal excused themselves and went to the bedroom, leaving Liz and Gene to fend for themselves. He sat on the couch next to her and poured margaritas for them. By now she was feeling no pain, and the sounds of Edie and Hal having sex in the bedroom were getting to her, so when he kissed her, she unhesitatingly kissed him back. Part of her knew it was wrong, but she felt she could stop him from going too far.

Then she felt his hand on her breast, and it felt good, so she let him keep it there! It wasn't long before he had her blouse open and she was getting excited enough that thoughts of stopping him swiftly faded. He got her bra unhooked and started kissing and sucking on her big tits. A minute later she felt the zipper on her slacks opening, and felt Gene's hand move into her panties and across her hairy mound to her pussy. It felt so good that she found herself opening her legs to give him better access. Soon he had a finger in her pussy, and she was getting really wet.

Gene took out his cock, which was nice and big, and Liz jerked him off, thinking how good that tool would feel in her pussy. They started undressing each other, and when they were naked he laid her on the couch and went down on her. His

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tongue felt great on her clit and in her cunt, and she lost all inhibitions.

Before long Gene moved up, brought his big cock to her pussy and started to push it in. It felt great—so good that in short order she climaxed. He kept fucking her hard for a long time until he stiffened and shot what felt like a bucket of come in her. Then they relocated to Edie's guest bedroom and sucked and fucked the rest of the night.

Liz said that was the only time she ever cheated on me. She said she was very sorry, and hoped I wasn't angry. I said that not only wasn't I angry, but her story had made me so hot that I wanted her to do it again, anytime she felt like it—only now I wanted to hear all about it right away.

With that encouragement, Liz did start looking around for sexual adventures. The first time she went out alone, she went to a hotel near the airport, which she thought would be a good place to meet a nice businessman away from home. She met a man at the bar, and it wasn't long before they headed up to his room for a sex marathon. She got home about four in the morning, and we spent what was left of the night screwing madly.

Liz has repeated this scene a number of times. Each time, she's had some exciting sex and come home to tell me about it. She enjoys meeting and fucking a variety of men, especially those with really big cocks. There are a couple of guys

who travel to our area fairly often who she's seen more than once. One is a former pro basketball player. She loves the contrast of his big black body against her soft white skin, and of course she loves having that big black cock fuck her.

I love to watch Liz as she gets ready for a night out—taking a bath, fixing her hair, getting dressed. When she puts her sexy panties on, I

love knowing that in a little while another man will be taking them off her. Depending on how she feels, she may or may not wear a bra. Her large, firm breasts make it obvious when she's braless, especially when her nipples are hard. She says that's usually the first thing the guys notice.

Liz has amassed a large collection of sexy clothes that make her look hot but

not cheap, and she always looks immaculate leaving the house. It's a different story when she gets home, though. Her hair is usually a mess, and she looks almost slutty, which just drives me wild every time. I can't wait to get her clothes off and see her swollen pussy full of come. While I eagerly eat her out, she tells me all the details of the evening, which leads to a great night of sex for me as well.

Because of my beautiful sexy wife and her erotic desires, our life together has become something truly special, both in and out of bed. And I'm sure it will go on that way, as long as she continues to share her darkest secrets with me.—C.S., Lincoln, Nebraska

How a trio of busboys became star players at the country club

One evening last month my wife and I dropped into the country club for a drink. She was wearing a red minidress over tan pantyhose with black panties underneath, and she was being checked out not just by the members but by the waiters and busboys too (all over 18—she doesn't mess with kids!). At 35, with her Hispanic coloring and stunning body, Rosa has that effect on men, and she cultivates it with an exhibitionistic streak, usually wearing revealing clothes to show off that body.

When we got to the club there was still some daylight left, so we sat out by the pool. Rosa, as usual, was



being careless about her skirt, which rode up so far that anyone who cared to look could get a glimpse of those black panties. More than once I saw a busboy nearly drop his tray as he walked by!

We stayed outside well after most of the members had gone in, and finally we were the only ones out there except for three busboys, none of them much over 18, cleaning up. Rosa didn't fail to notice that they were still sneaking peeks at her every chance. At one point she decided to play a game. Getting up from her seat, she walked toward the pool, pretending something on the ground had attracted her attention. As she moved, all three boys followed her sexy stride with their eyes.

When she reached the pool, she turned toward the



"Rosa asked the busboy if he and his friends had enjoyed the show. He smiled and nodded. She motioned for the other boys to come closer"

boys and squatted with her knees apart, giving them a good look under her skirt. Then, having apparently picked up the thing she'd been looking at, she stood up and sauntered back to our table. She set the imaginary object down and bent over as though to observe it more closely, causing her

skirt to ride up in back until most of her panty-covered ass was exposed.

While Rosa was still bent over, one of the boys broke from the group and boldly moved closer to her. She looked over her shoulder at him and smiled. I could see a bulge in his pants. Then she straightened up and sat

in her chair, with her skirt still high and her thighs exposed. Smiling, she asked the busboy if he and his friends had enjoyed the show. He smiled back and nodded. She motioned for the other boys to come closer, which they did, their eyes glittering with excitement at this unexpected development.

By now it was dark except for the lights around the pool, and there was no one else in the area. Rosa asked the boys if they would like another peek. Of course the answer was yes! She stood up, turned around and pulled the hem of her dress up to her waist, showing them the whole of her

rounded silk-clad ass. Slowly they moved closer. She stayed as she was, not moving as they reached out and fondled her backside.

My excitement rose as I watched the boys feeling up my wife's ass, and I began to rub myself through my trousers. I took a minute to glance around and make sure that we weren't being watched. When I looked back, I saw that the boys had Rosa's pantyhose and panties pulled down to her knees and were fondling her smooth bare skin. She moaned and spread her feet apart, and one boy boldly slid his finger in her pussy and began to pump it in and out of her.

with us. Now it was her turn to smile, as she murmured that that sounded like something that would interest her. Her saying this made my dick stir. I asked her if she was serious, and she assured me she was. She asked if it was true what I'd told her about Rex not having had a blowjob since his college days. When I said I couldn't think of any reason he would lie about something like that, she licked her lips and announced that she was definitely looking forward to the trip.

Immediately I called Rex and told him Cassie would be joining us on our trip. At first he was dubious, but when I explained that I'd told her about our fantasy and I shared her response, he warmed to the idea.

When the time came to leave, I still wasn't sure if Cassie was just toying with us. But on the trip up to the lake she sat between Rex and me in the pickup, making suggestive remarks and occasionally rubbing our thighs. By the time we arrived, I was so turned on, I almost forgot about fishing!

That first night, after a good day of fishing and a good meal, Cassie and I retired to one bedroom and Rex to the other. As Cassie stroked my dick and generally teased the shit out of me, she murmured something about poor Rex, all alone in the other room with no one to take care of him.

I said I was so worked up myself that I really wasn't concerned about Rex, then buried my head between



her legs and licked her delicious pussy. She was clearly more than a little turned on herself; her pussy was dripping, and she had an orgasm in maybe two minutes. Now Cassie isn't one to be quiet when she comes, and that night was no exception, so I was sure Rex heard her loud and clear, and understood what was going on. This seemed to turn Cassie on as much as it did me, and for the next hour we screwed our brains out.

In the next morning over breakfast Rex had a wry grin. When I asked what he was smiling at, he said Cassie and I must have had a good time the night before, as he couldn't get a wink of sleep what with all the moaning and groaning. He added that he'd had such a raging woody that he'd hardly been able to roll over.

The fishing was great that morning. The weather turned hot, and at noon we pulled into a small deserted bay, spread a blanket on the beach and tucked into a lunch of fresh-caught lake trout, fried potatoes and beans. After lunch Cassie announced that she wanted to go for a swim to cool off. Without further ado she stripped and waded into the water. When Rex saw her naked body, with her pert tits and beautiful, carefully trimmed pussy, his jaw all but hit the ground. He soon had a bulge in his shorts, and so did I—from knowing how turned on he was by my wife's body.

Rex and I looked at each other and shrugged, and in an instant we were both running toward the water naked. Cassie shrieked as she saw us entering the water, our

hard dicks swaying from side to side. We all fooled around in the water, splashing each other, diving under the water and playing like kids. After a while we returned to the shore and sat on the blanket—Cassie between Rex and me.

It was a glorious sunny day, and as I lay back on the blanket I must have dozed off for a couple of minutes. I awoke to the sound of heavy breathing and moaning. Opening my eyes, I was surprised to see my wife sucking on Rex's dick. The heavy breathing was coming from him, the moaning from her. She was obviously enjoying the big dick in her mouth. What a turn-on it was, lying there watching my wife, not two feet away, giving a great blowjob to my best friend! My own dick was so hard,

Sensing that Rosa might be open to further play, the boy removed his finger and then stepped up behind her and dropped his pants. He gave a quick look over at me, and when I said nothing, he found her opening with his cock and began to enter her. She moaned as he slid slowly and smoothly into her, then commenced a fuck that lasted only a minute or two, while his mates stood by, watching and apparently waiting their turn.

The boy shot off inside her and was quickly replaced by one of the others, who didn't last much longer. When he pulled out, the last boy took his turn and lasted a little longer, just enough for Rosa to climax before he came and pulled out. She pulled



"The boy shot off inside her and was replaced by one of the others, who didn't last much longer. The last boy took his turn and lasted a little longer"

her panties and pantyhose back up, with semen running out of her pussy.

We left for home, and by the time we got there Liz's crotch was soaked. Stripping off her sodden clothes, I threw her on the bed and buried myself blissfully in that semen-soaked and still-dripping pussy.

Since then whenever we go back to the club all the busboys and the wait staff

are ever so attentive to our needs, giving us A-1 service. Of course it works both ways. —R.G., Tulsa, Oklahoma

A female companion added spice to these old friends' fishing trip

For years my best friend Rex and I had been going on an annual fishing trip to a lake in northern Michigan. The camp we stayed at was

remote but well maintained, and the fishing was usually just fabulous.

In the early years, Rex and I were both married to cold, bitchy women who wanted little to do with sex. We were always happy to get away from them, and often fantasized about having our own camp lady-in-waiting who would take care of our every need. We joked about how nice it would be to come in from a long day of fishing and find dinner ready, then have this imaginary woman suck and fuck us.

Eventually my cold-fish wife and I divorced, but Rex stuck it out with his shrewish lady—for what reason, none of his friends could ever figure out. After my divorce I met Cassie, the sexiest and most sensual woman I had

ever known. She also gave the best blowjob I'd ever had, and generally loved all aspects of sex.

When Rex and I went fishing that year, I bragged to him about how good Cassie was at sucking dick, which drove him nuts! He suggested jokingly that perhaps we should bring her along with us sometime. I treated it as a joke too, until it came time to plan the next year's trip. By that time Cassie and I had been married for a few months, and she asked if I would consider taking her along. She liked to fish but had never had much luck.

When she asked me this, I grinned, and she asked what I was smiling at. I explained about the fantasy Rex and I had shared of having a woman in camp

warmth and wetness, and savoring the taste of it after another man's dick had been there and left behind the sap of his manhood. It was wet, slick, wonderful.

Cassie came almost instantly, and the rest of Rex's come, mixed with her pussy

I thought I might actually pass out. It was the longest and most intense orgasm I had ever had.

Afterward, Cassie and I held each other close, kissing gently as we recovered. She asked if I had enjoyed that, and I told her I had,



"I pulled Cassie's pussy to my lips, feeling its warmth and wetness, and savoring the taste of it after another man's dick had been there"

juice, flooded into my mouth and over my face. I thought I was in heaven. After a moment she moved her pussy off my mouth and slid it down to my waiting dick, leaning down to kiss me as she did. She reached down to slide me inside her, and in a few strokes I was coming like I had never come before, so powerfully that

immensely. Then I asked her if she'd had fun with Rex. She smiled and said she had sucked him off twice and fucked him once. "You were right about him not having had a blowjob since college," she told me. "But did you know he had never come in a woman's mouth before?"

My response to that was

that I suspected our friend would have that opportunity fairly frequently over the next few days.

"Oh yeah!" Cassie said, smiling. "Would you like to watch the next time your good buddy fills me up with his big dick?"

"God, yes!" I cried.

Then we drifted off in each other's arms, while

Rex snored away contentedly in the next room.—*F.L., Madison, Wisconsin*

Have you ever enjoyed the squishy thrill of coming in second? Or third? Or . . . Write to *Penthouse Letters*, Department SLS, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or send e-mail to: letters@ffn.com

LETTERS

I thought it would explode.

When Cassie looked over and saw me watching her, with my dick as hard as a piece of iron, she gave me a sensuous wink. After another minute or two she stopped sucking Rex's dick and moved to mine, proceeding to drive me crazy. Before I came, she stopped, smiled at both of us and said we'd have to wait until that night for the rest!

Rex was crestfallen; his dick was dripping precome, which was streaming down to his balls. Cassie rubbed her lips and tongued up and down his dick till they were coated with his liquid, then turned to me and gave me a long kiss. The feel and taste of another man's precome on her lips was about the most erotic thing I had ever experienced.

Cassie jumped up and pulled on her clothes, and Rex and I had to resign ourselves to waiting till that evening. We climbed back in the boat and continued fishing. Although we had some more decent fishing, the afternoon dragged by as Rex and I impatiently anticipated what the evening might bring.

That night, after we had all cleaned up and had supper, Cassie retired to our bedroom. When she came out half an hour later, Rex and I nearly choked on our drinks. She looked stunning in a sheer white negligee, with her hair in a ponytail. She was plainly aroused herself, as her nipples were sticking out like pencil erasers. We could just make out

her pink swollen pussy lips under the thin material.

Smiling at our evident admiration, Cassie walked over to Rex and held out her hand and asked, "So are you ready for some fun?" He didn't say a word, but stood up and took her hand and they turned and walked in his bedroom. Just before Cassie closed the door, she turned to me and gave a wink.

I was so turned on by the thought of my wife sucking and fucking my best friend that my dick was hard and precome was oozing from the tip. Before long I heard soft laughter coming from the bedroom, followed soon by moans. I saw that Cassie hadn't closed the door all the way, which I took as an invitation to peek in if I was so inclined. I was!

Looking through the crack in the door, I saw Rex lying on his back with Cassie on top of him, riding his dick with her head thrown back. Her ponytail swung side to side as she rocked up and down on his pole. I started stroking my dick while I watched my wife fuck another man, but I stopped after a few strokes, knowing that if I didn't, I would soon blow my wad.

I stepped away from the door and went in our bedroom, where I stripped and lay down on the bed to wait for Cassie to come in and tell me exactly what had happened. I thought it would be maybe a half-hour or so, but it was close to two hours before she returned! I had an erection the entire time,

and after a while developed such a case of blue balls, I thought it might split in two.

When Cassie finally entered the bedroom, I saw that she hadn't bothered to put her nightie back on. She looked beautiful. She walked to the bed, leaned down

I had thought my dick was hard before, it was off the scale now. She climbed on top of me and asked me if I liked the taste of Rex's come. When I told her it was delicious, she asked if I wanted more. As I nodded, she slid her knees up to my shoul-



and kissed me. I could taste Rex's come on her lips and tongue. It was simply fantastic! I couldn't believe I was kissing my wife mere moments after she had had another man's dick stuffed in her mouth.

As our tongues rolled around each other, Cassie let the remainder of Rex's come drip into my mouth. If

ders and held her still-dripping pussy right over my mouth, so I could see her swollen cunt lips—and the jism oozing out of them. I held my mouth open and let it drip into my mouth and onto my lips and chin.

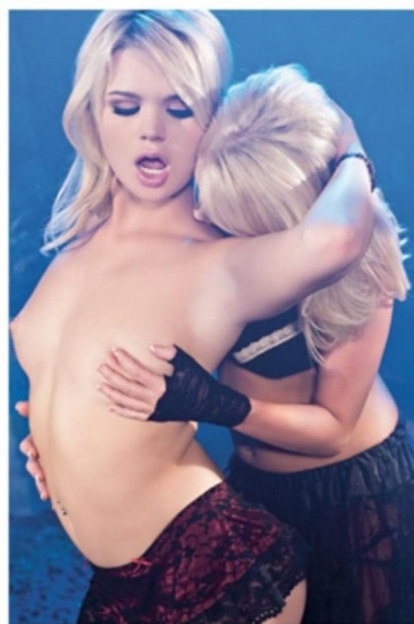
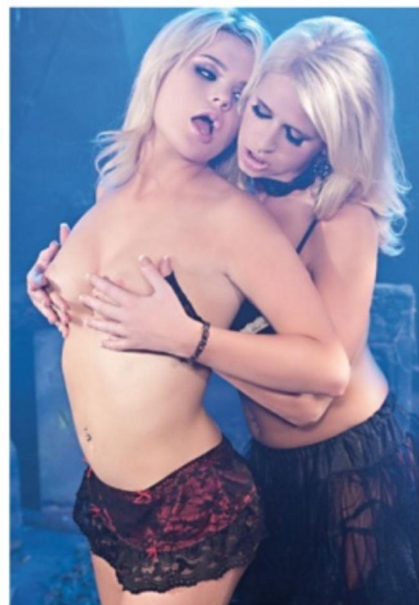
I grabbed Cassie's butt cheeks and pulled her pussy to my lips. I stuck my tongue in it, feeling its

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SPOTLIGHT ON

Kinky Cougars

Her fling with her daughter's boyfriend was bad enough, but then she met the sweet young girl in the shoe store . . .

Ira, my daughter's boyfriend, had driven me to a shopping center in order to purchase a pair of high heels for a dinner I was going to that night. When we found a likely-looking shoe store, Ira pulled up in front of it and parked the car. "This looks like a good place," he said. "Let's go."

"Wait a minute," I said. "I'm still too turned on. I need to calm down a bit." But it was too late; Ira was already getting out of the car. I got out too, and followed him. I was still breathing kind of hard, and I could feel the wetness between my legs. My dress was partly open, and as I looked down I saw that the edges of my areolae were showing as I walked. I looked around. The shopping center was not crowded at this hour. I felt deliciously naughty and daring at the same time. I knew I should button up my dress, but I didn't.

The fact was that earlier that day Ira and I had decided to have a picnic lunch in the park. I had worn a sheer white sundress, with no bra, and sheer white panties. We found a secluded spot, and the picnic had ended with Ira fucking me on the grass, under the warm afternoon sun. My panties had ended up in Ira's pocket.

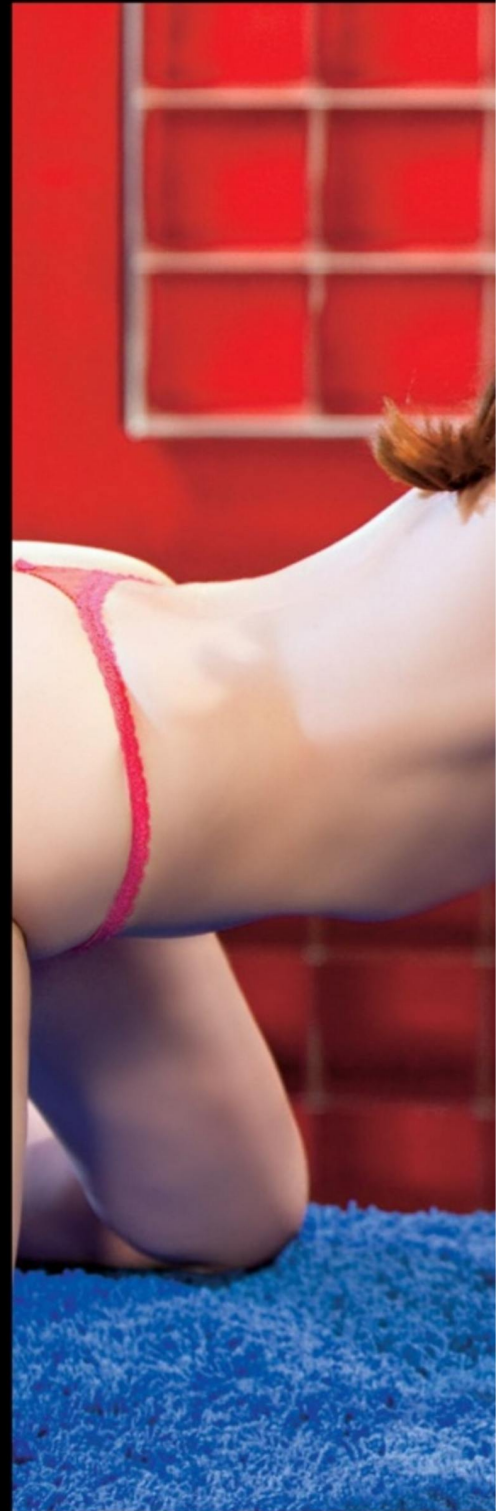
This was not the first time we had fucked. I had seduced my daughter's boyfriend a few months previously, and we had been doing it in secret ever since.

On the way to the shopping center, Ira had enticed me into playing with myself in the car. As he drove, I brought my left leg up and placed my

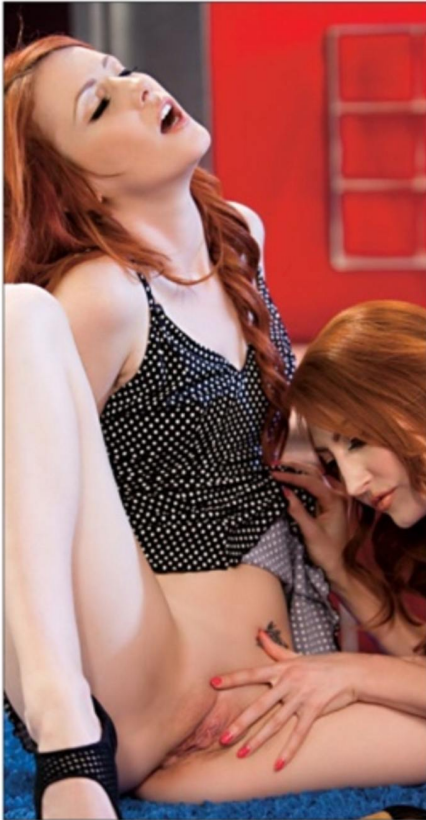
foot on the dash, then slid my hand between my legs and rubbed my open pussy, sinking two fingers into my wet hole and slowly fucking myself for his entertainment. Soon I was doing it harder, as much for my own pleasure now as for his. I brought both feet up onto the dashboard, spreading myself open, and began to rub my clit as I fucked myself feverishly, bringing myself to the brink of orgasm. "Oh yes! Oh my God, I'm coming!" I cried out as my climax crashed over me. Then I collapsed and sat there panting, my perspiration causing my dress to cling to my body as my orgasm wound down.

So I was still feeling the effects of that highly erotic interlude, and I could feel my juices dripping down my thighs as I followed Ira into the shoe store. As he held the door for me, he looked surprised at the state of my dress—or undress. I guess he'd expected me to cover up more before getting out of the car. Well, if that's what he wanted he shouldn't have been in such a hurry, I thought to myself.

"Hi, can I help you?" I heard a female voice say, and I saw a pretty young girl coming toward us, smiling. She couldn't have been much over 18—my daughter's age—and she was so sweet and innocent-looking that she took my breath away. She wore a simple, uniform-style dress that buttoned up the front and showed off her nice long legs. Her red hair covered her shoulders, and her dark eyes were deep and soft. Looking at her, I saw







"The girl looked up at my face. From there her gaze moved down to my breasts, then fell to my crotch. Her breathing became noticeably more labored"

her face change as she took in my sheer, partially open dress, but she soon regained her composure. I felt my face getting warm as she looked at me, and I wondered what she was thinking.

"Hi," Ira said to her. "We came in to see if we could find a pair of high heels for my girlfriend's mother here."

"Your girlfriend's mother?" the girl said. I could hear the surprise in her voice.

"Yes," Ira said, smiling. "She needs a new pair of shoes to wear with her new miniskirt."

The girl looked from Ira back to me, her eyes going over my body. I instinctively moved my hands to the neck of my dress and drew it together, covering my partially exposed nipples. I was suddenly very embarrassed at my wanton appearance. What had gotten into me?

"Sure," the girl said then. "Why don't you sit down right here, and I'll get a few things for you to look at. Is there anything in particular you're looking for?"

"Just a pair of black high heels. Let's start with that," Ira told her.

She turned her head toward me with a slight smile. "Mmm, he seems to know how to dress you," she murmured. Then she turned and went into the back of the store.

I immediately pulled my dress together and buttoned it up all the way. "Ira, what are we doing here?" I whispered. "Let's leave, please, before this gets out of hand." I was still somewhat aroused from what had happened earlier, and now the sight of the salesgirl had aroused me further. I could feel my pussy clenching. I was so hot that I didn't feel I could trust myself. What if I took this too far with this nice young girl, in front of my daughter's boyfriend? I could never forgive myself if my daughter found out about what had been going on between Ira and me.

"Look, Sara, we came here to

buy shoes, so let's just buy a pair of shoes," Ira replied. "Relax, nothing will happen that you don't want to happen, you know that." I knew then that I was going to get no help from him.

The girl came back after a minute, carrying a shoe box. She put the box on the floor and knelt in front of me. "I took a guess at the size of your foot," she said. "I hope this will fit all right." I watched her as she took hold of my foot, her delicate hand wrapped around my ankle, and brought it gently to rest on her thighs as she sat there with her legs curled up under her butt. Her touch was already sending shivers up and down my spine. I kept telling myself that it was okay; she was just doing her job.

The girl looked up at me and smiled disarmingly as she pulled my shoe off and took one of the new heels out of the box. She lifted my foot slightly to slip the shoe on, and as she did so I did my best to keep my knees together. I was all too aware that I had no panties on, and that my sundress stopped well above my knees.

As she fitted my foot into the shoe, the girl looked up at my face. From there her gaze moved slowly down to my breasts, and then fell to my crotch. At that point her soft dark eyes widened and her breathing became noticeably more labored. The fact that this young girl was looking at me that way was making my pulse beat faster. My pussy began to clench again. I could feel its wetness. I nearly forgot all about Ira being there beside us; this girl was my entire world at that moment.

"There, what do you think?" she asked in a sultry voice, gently raising my foot and straightening my leg, pulling it to the side so I could get a better look. The motion pulled my knees apart somewhat, and I immediately saw her eyes dart down to my crotch.

"Um—it's nice," I said, a bit breathlessly. "Could you put the other shoe on also?"

The other shoe? What was wrong with me? Why didn't I just buy the damn shoes and get out of there? I knew this could lead to no good, and yet I couldn't bring myself to stop it.

The girl smiled and rested my foot on the floor beside her. She then reached for the shoe box again, but before doing that she ran her hand

I knew now where this was headed; I just didn't know how I felt about it. I was shivering with both nervousness and desire as I stared at that young pussy. When I looked back at her face I could see her own unmistakable desire. My heart was pounding in my chest and my mouth was dry as this young girl spread my legs further



lightly up my leg to my knee. This was definitely not an accidental touch; there was something sensual about it, something deliberate and exciting. I just sat there watching her as I felt my breath begin to come harder.

As she pulled out the other shoe, the girl scooted up a bit closer to me. As she did so her dress rode up, giving me a good look at her tanned, shapely thighs. I could see that she noticed the direction of my gaze, and I tried peeling my eyes away, but it was too late. Smiling again, she took hold of my other foot and brought it to her lap, spreading her thighs as she slipped the shoe on. She was opening herself up to me, and to my astonishment the view went all the way up to her pussy. And she wasn't wearing panties either!

apart, making me expose myself to her in turn.

I sat there rigid, unable to move, my dress sliding upward as my legs were stretched still wider. I knew I was giving her a show, and I loved it even as I felt guilty about it. Her hands now massaged my calves and thighs as her soft dark eyes drank in the view of my pussy.

Oh God, I couldn't let this happen! Not in front of Ira. "Nice shoes," I heard myself croak. "Let me—let me stand up and see how they feel."

The girl took her hands off me, as though reluctant to do so. I stood up slowly, but for some unknown reason I didn't bring my legs together right away, I stood there with my dress stuck up around my hips, my feet apart and my pussy dripping visibly.



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"How about the hem," she whispered then. "Is it the same length?" Her hands were still rubbing my nipples, and my knees were weakening. I felt myself leaning back slightly against her.

"No, it's a little shorter," I panted.

She brought her hands down to my hips then, her fingers grasping my dress on either side, and raised it a couple of inches, exposing more of my thighs. "How's that?" she inquired.

Oh God, I was so turned on! I knew I had to stop this. But it was no use; seeing her do this to me in the mirror drowned all my resolve. I couldn't even look at Ira anymore. "No, it's still a little shorter," I heard myself say.

I was hers. I looked on as she raised my dress still more, stopping only when the hem was just below my crotch. "There, that's perfect." I whispered, barely able to control myself.

I saw her knowing smile as we looked at each other in the mirror. "Are you sure?" she murmured. "Are you sure it's not shorter?"

Oh God; she wanted to see my pussy again. And then? I could say nothing; all I could do was moan.

"Well, maybe we should ask your friend," the girl said. "Your daughter's boyfriend, that is. Has he seen you in that dress?"

I nodded slowly.

The girl turned to Ira then. "What do you think?" she asked him. "Does her new dress stop right there, or is it shorter than that?"

At that point I already knew what Ira would say. He came over to us and looked at me in the mirror, my breasts nearly exposed and my dress up around my hips. I could see the large bulge in his pants. The girl looked at him expectantly, and he smiled. "Oh, I think it's shorter than that," he told her.

The girl smiled at me in the mirror. "See?" she murmured. "He did know."

"Oh God," I whispered.

"I know you're loving this," the girl said then. "Your daughter's boyfriend sure is. Do you see his hard-on?"

She then continued to raise my dress, slowly, inch by inch, and I watched and let her do it. My pussy slowly came into view, the lips moist and shining, slightly parted. My juices were running down my thighs.

"Look at how wet I've made you," the girl purred. Then she pulled the dress up around my waist. "There," she said. "I like you much better like this." Holding my dress up with one hand, she reached around with the other and unbuttoned another button in front, watching as my hard nipples came into view. No matter how much I wanted to stop this, I couldn't. The very fact of my body being exposed like this was almost making me come.

The girl started opening another button, but then she stopped, turning to Ira. "Maybe you should go lock the front door and draw the shades," she said to him. Ira nodded and walked toward the door.

"Please let me go," I whispered to the girl. "I can't do this in front of him. Please."

"Oh, I think you can," she replied, smiling. "I think you want to do it in front of him. So he knows his girlfriend's mother is a slut." Oh God, how did she know?

When Ira returned I saw that he had undone his belt, unzipped his fly and dropped his pants and underwear to his knees. His 10-inch cock was standing rock-hard, its tip glistening with precome. I moaned.

"Look at him," the girl said. "He can't wait for this to happen." With that she released the last button on my dress, and pulled it off me with one quick move. She immediately pressed herself to my naked back and put her hands on my hips. She then ran them along my stomach and then upward, clasping my breasts softly, separating her fingers so she could tweak my rigid nipples between them.

"Oh God please!" I cried out. "Please!" But I didn't know what I was begging for. All I knew was that I was



“I realized that opening more buttons might completely expose my breasts, but it was too late. Her small hands were already undoing the next button”

I caught my breath when I saw that Ira was stroking his dick through his slacks.

Finally I brought my legs together, pulled my dress down and walked over to a nearby mirror to admire the new shoes. “Well, they’re nice,” I managed to say. “Although this dress isn’t what I’m going to wear them with.”

The girl now rose and walked over to me, as if to help. “What kind of dress will you be wearing?” she asked me. “Is it the same kind of cut?”

“No, not really,” I told her. “It’s a little more revealing on top. You know, one of those low-cut dresses.”

The girl now positioned herself directly behind me, so that she could look over my shoulder at my reflection in the mirror. “Does it have straps, or is it strapless?” she asked.

“Oh, it’s strapless, and very low cut,” I answered. I couldn’t help the fact that I was still shivering a bit with desire.

I felt her hands on my shoulders, and watched in the mirror as she took

hold of my dress straps and slowly slid them off my shoulders. Next she reached around to my front and unbuttoned my top button. I could feel her leaning against my back, pressing her firm breasts against me. I could see Ira’s reflection in the mirror; he was still stroking himself as he watched.”

“Is this about right?” the girl asked, pulling my dress down to the extent allowed by the opened button.

“No,” I said. “You’d have to open another two buttons, I think.”

As soon as I said that I realized that opening two more buttons might completely expose my breasts, but it was too late. Her small hands were already undoing the next button, her palms pressing against my nipples, making them hard. When she finished my nipples were still covered, but my areolae were showing, and the whole area between my breasts was now exposed. The girl was now breathing hard: I could feel her breath on the back of my neck as she watched my nearly exposed breasts in the mirror.



"I was rapidly nearing orgasm, standing there in this girl's grasp as she explored my body in front of my illicit lover. Her hands slid down along my stomach"

rapidly nearing orgasm, standing there in this girl's grasp as she explored my body in front of my illicit lover. Her hands slid down along my stomach, past my naval to my pussy. Her fingers brushed my clit and I moaned, reaching back with my own hands, trying to touch her. She began to rub my clit in slow, sensuous circles, while her other hand moved to my opening, one finger, then two, sliding into me and making me come.

I cried out in her embrace as my orgasm ripped through my powerless body. She continued working my pussy, and she knew exactly what to do. I held on, moaning and twisting against her, letting her do whatever she wanted to me.

Finally she let go of my pussy and grabbed my arm, tugging me toward a deep chair in the corner of the store. "Come on," she husked. "I have to check those shoes of yours, to make sure that they fit."

I didn't understand, but I sat down in the chair as she knelt in front of me. She grabbed both my feet and spread them wide, opening me up to her. I sat back with legs spread, giving this young beautiful girl complete access to my body. I couldn't wait now for her to use her tongue on my dripping pussy. I looked over at Ira. He was in another chair not far away, naked from the waist down, stroking his large, purple dick as he watched what was happening before his eyes.

The girl now released my feet and brought her hands to the inside of my thighs, pressing on them to keep my legs apart as she leaned forward and brought her face to my pussy. A hoarse cry came from my throat as she ran her tongue along my labia, separating them and licking my juices from between them. Her tongue was so soft, so wet and warm, that it sent electric shivers up and down my body.

I watched that wet tongue flicking my clit before again sliding between my pussy lips, her mouth sucking

them in gently. I felt faint, almost unable to breathe, and I closed my eyes. Then I felt her finger. I looked again; she was licking and sucking my pussy with eager lust while two of her fingers slid in and out of it, finding my G-spot and bringing me close to another climax.

At that point the girl pushed my legs up, jackknifing them and bringing my knees almost to my chest. My ass slid to the edge of the chair, giving her access to my ass as well as my pussy. She rimmed it with her tongue, then began to tongue-fuck that tight hole as deeply as she could, while still driving her fingers in and out of my cunt. As I groaned with passion, she looked up and smiled at me, then gave me a sharp slap on the ass.

The stinging sensation shot through me like a bolt of lightning. "Harder!" I heard myself whisper, and she complied, slapping me again and again as she continued to fuck my asshole with her tongue. I couldn't breathe. Again I felt myself coming, and this time I actually squirted, my come shooting against her face. She didn't turn away; she put her entire mouth over my pussy and sucked as if that was what she had been waiting for. Oh God, it felt so fucking good! I wanted her to fuck me forever.

When I was finally able to breathe again I looked down at her, still licking my pussy softly. Just looking at her made me want to have her, to taste her, to do to her what she had done to me. I no longer cared what Ira thought; all I cared about was tasting that sweet young pussy.

I brought my legs down and stood up, then reached for the girl's hands and pulled her to her feet. Then I kissed her, with all the desire that had been building up inside me for so long. She returned my kiss, her tongue sliding inside my mouth as we stood in front of Ira, kissing with abandon as our hands moved over our bodies.

"Oh, God, I have to have you!"

I panted when our mouths parted. "Please!" In reply she swiftly unbuttoned her dress and pulled it off. I was amazed to see that this young girl wore nothing underneath—no bra; no panties; nothing. I admired her thin body, her firm young breasts, her flat stomach and pussy, unshaven like mine. With a hoarse cry I reached for her again.

"Wait!" she said, taking a step back. "Before I let you do me, I want

to see you do something else."

I was crazy with lust. "Anything!" I gasped out "Please! I need to have you now!"

"I want to see you suck this man's cock," the girl said.

I could only stare at her. I couldn't believe what she had said. "I—I can't do that," I said finally. "Not in front of you!"

"Are you sure?" she said. She sat down then, opening her legs. Her wet

pussy stared at me. "I really want to see a mother sucking her daughter's boyfriend's dick," she told me. "I think it would be so hot. And look at him, he's ready to come on the carpet."

Ira's dick was indeed rigid and throbbing as he continued to stroke it slowly. My head was spinning. I looked back at the girl's open pussy and dropped to my knees in front of her. But she only smiled and closed her legs, looking over at Ira. "What's





"The girl smiled and opened her legs again, spreading them wide, then moved her hand down and spread her pussy lips with her fingers. I wanted her"

your name?" she asked him then.

"I'm Ira," he answered, a little hoarsely. "And her name is Sara."

"Well, Ira," she said, "why don't you come closer and let Sara see your cock up close. Maybe that will change her mind."

Ira rose and walked up to stand beside me, still stroking his dick, which was slick with his juices. "You'd like her to suck you off, wouldn't you, Ira?" the girl said, and he nodded.

"Please, I can't . . ." I whimpered. I can't suck him . . . not this way . . ."

The girl smiled and opened her legs again, spreading them wide, then moved her hand down and spread her pussy lips with her fingers. Then she started rubbing her clit with one finger in a circular motion. More than anything in the world I wanted to lean over and stick my tongue inside her. "Go on," the girl said. "Suck his dick. Look how big it is. Then you can eat me all you want."

I only had to turn my head slightly to see Ira's hard cock, inches away from my face. Each time he stroked it,

a dollop of fluid oozed out of the tip. It was truly an erotic sight, and though I tried my best to resist the impulse, something made me open my mouth and lower my head to take it in as deeply as I could. I closed my eyes as I wrapped my lips around his massive organ, making him moan. I started sucking him then, loving the taste and feel of his cock in my mouth.

Soon I was sucking him with utter abandon, almost but not quite forgetting now about the watching girl sitting in front of me. I paused from time to time to run my tongue up and down his shaft before taking him in my mouth again.

"Oh, God!" I heard the girl say. "That's so sexy! Are you going to come in her mouth, Ira? Oh God, you are, aren't you?"

I couldn't believe what I was doing. I was sucking my daughter's boyfriend's cock in front of a strange girl in a shoe store? What was I thinking? But no matter how much I told myself I was a hopeless bitch, I couldn't bring myself to stop. To have this man's dick



in my mouth and not finish him off was something I realized I just couldn't do.

"Oh yes, he's going to come in your mouth, and you're going to swallow it, aren't you, Sara?" the girl panted. "Yes, I can see it in your face. You're going to swallow his come! Oh, that is so hot, you are such a good slut!" She was still playing with her wet pussy as she watched me.

Her words only made me hotter and caused me to devour Ira's cock even more passionately. I sucked feverishly, taking the head of it into my throat and stroking his balls at the same time. Soon Ira couldn't stand it anymore. His body stiffened and he groaned loudly as he shot his seed into my mouth. I closed my eyes and swallowed, jet after jet of white sticky come spurted down my throat as I did my best

to keep up. He continued to spasm for a good half minute before his jism petered out. I gave him few more licks up and down his shaft, and then looked over at the girl.

She was sitting there wide-eyed staring at me. "Oh Christ, I have never seen anything so sexy," she breathed. "Come here, I have something delicious for you."

With a small moan I crawled closer to her, between her widespread legs. Hypnotized by her moist, splayed pussy, I put my hands on the insides of her thighs and brought my face close to it, inhaling her aroma, feeding on it. I looked up and smiled at her, then extended my tongue and touched her clit with it. Oh God, it had been far too long since I had tasted another woman's pussy!

I slid my tongue between her parted labia and into her hole, licking at her flowing juices. I was amazed at how wet she was. No matter how quickly I drank in her fluids, her hot pussy produced more. I closed my eyes and sucked her pussy lips into my mouth, twirling them around with my tongue. She gave out a deep moan of pleasure, which encouraged me to do more.

I was like a woman possessed, licking her, sticking my tongue into her, my hands keeping her legs spread apart so that I had easy access. I was in ecstasy as I pleased this young woman, reveling in the aroma and the taste of her sweet pussy.

"Please fuck me!" I heard her moan, and this acknowledgment of her passion made me shudder with an incipient orgasm, though no one was even touching me. I heard myself moaning in return, but my main focus was eating her pussy. I don't know how long I knelt there eating her that way. Time seemed to stand still, and I never wanted to stop. But at one point I felt her tense up; her body arched off the chair, pushing her crotch harder against my mouth, and she let out a series of loud shrill cries, one after another. "Oh my God! Yes! I'm coming!" she shrieked. I pushed my tongue into her hole and proceeded to fuck her with it as she jerked and spasmed in orgasm.

The girl finally settled down and lay limp, her legs still spread. I slowly got up and stood there looking down at her. "So what's your name?" I asked her.

"Nora," she panted. "And the shoes are my gift."

"Thank you, Nora," I said.

She smiled then. "And if you don't like them," she told me, "be sure to bring them back. You and Ira."

There was nothing wrong with the shoes, but Ira and I went back there anyway. More than once.—S.L., Lexington, Kentucky

Girl Meets Girl



Why fly straight when you can swing with gay abandon?

A HOT TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE INSPIRES A RETURN JOURNEY

It had been a few years since I'd seen Tanya. She had gotten married after graduating from college, and shortly after that I had taken a job in a city several hours away. So it was a bit of a surprise when I received a call from her, saying that she and her husband Nick were in town, and staying at the best hotel in the city. She suggested that the three of us meet that night at

Almost from the minute I joined Nick and Tanya at the bar, it was as though we were continuing a conversation from just a few minutes ago. We were drinking some sweet concoction that seemed harmless, but that knocked you for a loop after two or three. Soon we were all pretty rocked. We finally decided that going out wasn't such a great idea, so instead they invited me up to their hotel room to see how awesome it was.

It really was a great room, complete with a king-size bed and a small Jacuzzi in the bathroom. There was also a nice sitting area, where we settled in and drank some more as we continued our stroll down memory lane.

At one point Tanya put down her glass and said she had a confession to make. All this drinking, she told us, reminded her of a time many years ago, when she and I had been out with a group of our friends and had gotten really drunk at a bar. Afterwards we had piled into a cab for the trip to our respective homes, and I had evidently passed out in the cab. I vaguely recalled that night, but all I could remember after passing out was waking up the next morning, alone in my bed.

As Tanya now told the tale, she and I were the last ones in the cab, and when we got to my place she realized she would have to help me get safely inside. She paid the cabbie and helped me stagger into the building and up to my apartment. She dragged me to my room and dropped me on my bed, and she was about to leave when she decided she should try to make me more comfortable. So she started to unbutton my top.

She claimed she was only thinking of my comfort at first, but when she removed my top she became aroused at the sight of my breasts. She had never touched another woman's breasts, and felt that with me out cold,



the hotel bar for a few drinks, and then go out on the town.

Usually I don't like going out dateless with another couple, but I figured it would be fun to catch up on old times. I dressed up for the evening in a little strapless number, with a garter belt, stockings and my favorite killer pumps. I didn't want my old pals to think I couldn't have attracted a man for the night if I'd really wanted to.





Girl Meets Girl



this was her opportunity. She rubbed and massaged my tits and played with my nipples, which got hard under her fingers. She wanted to suck on my breasts, but she was afraid I would wake up and freak out when I saw what she was doing. So she got the idea of putting a blindfold over my eyes. She used my top for this purpose, rolling it up and tying it around my head.

But of course she realized that if I did wake up, I could just take the blindfold off. To prevent that, she would need to tie my hands as well. So she peeled off my pantyhose and used them to tie my wrists together, then pulled my arms back so she could tie them to the bed frame.

I was topless now, lying on my back, blindfolded, with my hands tied to the bed. Tanya quickly pulled off the rest of my clothes, and also stripped off her own. Climbing onto the bed, she kissed both my breasts and let

"I was topless now, lying on my back, blindfolded, with my hands tied to the bed. Tanya quickly pulled off the rest of my clothes, and stripped off her own. Climbing onto the bed, she kissed my breasts"

her hands roam over me. The fact that I was asleep and totally unaware gave her the courage to explore my entire body.

Tanya said that when she finally took my nipple in her mouth, her pussy started to drip. She put one hand between her legs and the other between mine. She thought about licking my pussy, but she loved sucking my nipples so much she didn't want to stop. She was practically humping her hand as it flew up and down her slit.

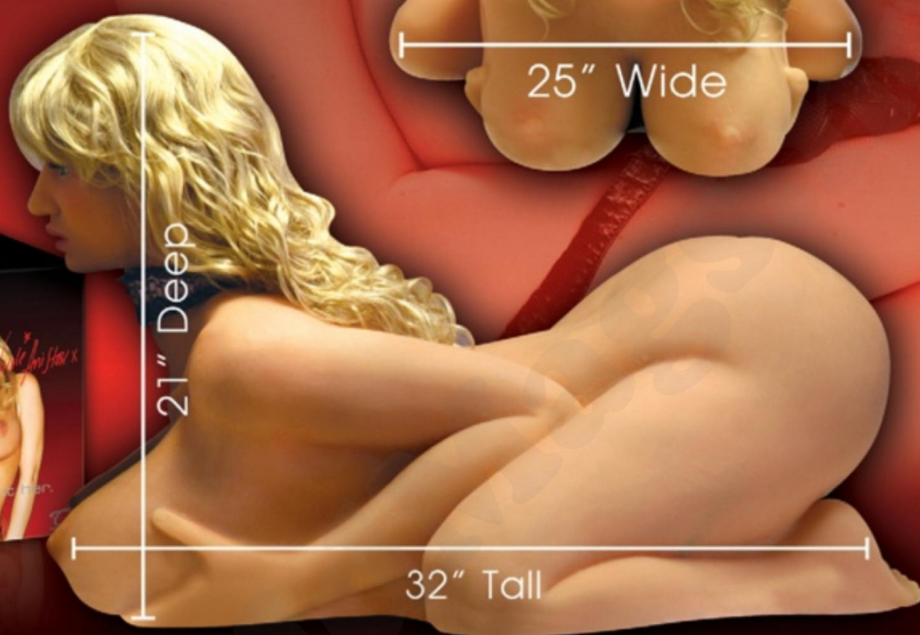
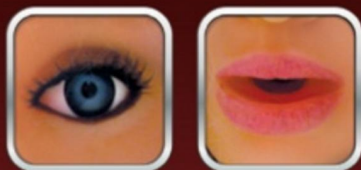
Finally releasing my nipples, she got between my legs and lowered her body so that her tits rubbed against mine. She said that the moment our wet nipples rubbed together, she exploded in what was without a doubt the longest, most powerful orgasm of her life.

When she came down from her high, she realized how bad it would be if I awoke to find myself tied to the bed. So she untied the pantyhose and blindfold and removed the rest of my

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Girl Meets Girl

clothing, then covered me up solicitously and quietly left.

When Tanya finished telling us this story, there was a long silence. I glanced over at Nick and saw that he had a large lump in the front of his jeans. The sight of that, combined with the tale Tanya had just related, made me hot as hell, and I was just drunk enough to do something about it.

I stood up then and walked into the middle of the room. Tanya looked a little nervous, perhaps thinking that I was pissed at her for doing what she'd done to me. I paused for just a moment, then reached behind me, lowering the zipper on my dress. I then pulled the straps of the dress over my shoulders and let it fall to the floor. I hadn't bothered to wear a bra, so I was quickly topless in front of my friends. Then, smiling at Tanya, I asked her if she was still afraid to lick my tits.

With that Tanya got up and walked over to me, then bent down in front of me and put her mouth on my titties. This was my first experience—at least while I was awake—of having a woman's lips wrapped around my nipples, and I loved it.

When she raised her head from my bosom, Tanya pushed me back slowly until I fell on the bed. Then Nick grabbed my arms, and Tanya took off my clothes. I was helpless to stop her as she kissed me all over, but I had no desire whatsoever to do so.

As she slid her face between my legs, Tanya whispered that she wanted to see if she could lick my pussy until I came. It didn't take long. After only two or three swipes of her tongue over my clit, I was screaming and bucking, and coming so hard I saw stars.

When I returned to earth, I saw that all three of us were naked. We spent the rest of the night and the next day making love in all kinds of combinations. It remains the hottest night of my life.—A.R., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

THEY HAD A VISIT FROM A CLOSE
FRIEND OF HIS WIFE'S. VERY CLOSE

It had been awhile since my wife Lisa had gotten it on with her friend Annie in Miami, but I had fond memories of that time. Now Annie was coming to visit us in Dallas.

I couldn't stop thinking about what a pretty girl Annie was. With her sun-bleached blonde hair, golden tan and tight body, she was one hot 22-year-old, and I was hoping that history might repeat itself. Lisa told me not to get my hopes up, because Annie was kind of unpredictable, but I was pretty sure Annie knew why we were so anxious to see her. Lisa had told her to bring some cool clothes, because I wanted to take pictures of them both.

On Annie's first night with us, Lisa surprised me by bringing up the subject of photography right after dinner. To my delight, Annie said she was up for posing, and off they went to get ready. Hoping this would lead to a lot more than just posing for pictures, I got the video camera ready.

The girls came out of the bedroom wearing lingerie under their robes. I had the lights and equipment set up in the garage, and they followed me there. They were giggling and acting like kids while I turned the lights on and got ready.

Thanks partly to the wine we'd had with dinner, the girls were fairly loose and they dropped their robes as soon as I said the word. Lisa was wearing a skimpy red bra and a tiny red thong, while Annie had on a transparent white bra which did little to hide her nipples, and white satin tap pants that allowed the outline of her bush to show through.

As soon as I started snapping, the two of them began kissing and hugging each other. There was an old Harley stored in the garage, and eventually they climbed up on it and got into some unlikely but very sexy positions. Annie kept her lingerie on, but

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my wife had no compunction about stripping down. As they made out, I made occasional suggestions, but for the most part I just let them do their thing, knowing the photos would be sexy as hell whatever they did.

Soon enough Annie was lying back on the seat of the bike, her arms stretched over her head, her tits just barely contained by her bra, while Lisa was down between her friend's legs with her head buried in her crotch.

With Annie's legs spread wide, I saw a wet spot on the front of her tap pants as Lisa continued to grind her face in there.

With Lisa's bare ass pointed up in the air while she drank in the aroma of

"Annie was lying back on the seat of the bike, her arms stretched over her head, her tits barely contained by her bra, while Lisa was down between her legs with her head buried in her crotch"

her friend's pussy, I finally had enough with the photos and suggested we move our little party inside. The girls quickly pulled their robes back on and headed in, while I stayed to turn off the lights and pack up the cameras.

By the time I got inside, the girls were nowhere to be seen. But then I heard the shower turn on. I headed for the bathroom, but found that the damn door was locked! I could hear them talking and laughing on the other side.

Dying of curiosity, I looked through the keyhole. They were in the shower together, naked of course, and the shower curtain was wide open. They may have just neglected to close it, but I suspected that Lisa knew I would be watching.

And I surely did watch as they washed themselves and each other, soaping up their beautiful bodies. Lisa especially seemed to enjoy washing Annie. My wife is small-breasted, and I think she loved the feeling of having Annie's big soapy tits in her hands. She rubbed them over and over, clutching and squeezing them, letting the nipples find their way between her fingers.

The girls also washed each other's asses and pussies, rubbing their soap-covered bodies against each other as they did. Then Annie said something, but I couldn't make out what it was. But I figured it out when Lisa raised one leg to rest her foot on the soap holder, while Annie got hold of one of my razors.

I watched in awe as Annie knelt down and soaped up Lisa's pussy again, then started shaving her. Her face was an inch away from my wife's crotch as she carefully guided the razor back and forth, removing a lot of hair. It was a total turn-on to see her concentrating like that on cleaning up my wife's box. Lisa looked entranced as she watched what her friend was doing. Annie even had her turn around and spread her ass so she could get to the tiny hairs around her butt. When she finished she rubbed a soapy finger up and down her crack, then washed her off.

Then it was Annie's turn, and the two of them switched places. When Annie put her foot up, Lisa brought her face to her crotch and gave her pink pussy a big lick from top to bottom before starting to shave her. Annie let out a loud moan.

Annie wasn't as bushy as Lisa, and the shaving didn't take quite as long,

but by the time they finished I was ready to burst.

As they turned off the shower, I dashed to the bedroom to get things ready while they dried off. I lit some candles and put the video camera in a discreet spot, then turned it on when I heard them coming down the hall. I didn't know how Annie would feel about being filmed, but I didn't want to miss the chance.

The girls came into the room holding hands, then dropped their towels to the floor and got on the bed. "Did you enjoy our little show?" Lisa asked me.

"You knew I was there all along, right?" I said, grinning at her. "Well, it was the sexiest fucking thing I've ever seen."

"Oh yeah?" Lisa said. "Then watch this!" With that she climbed on top of Annie, placing her full weight on the other girl's body. They both moaned as they began to grind their crotches against each other, their breasts mashing together as they kissed. Then Lisa moved down and sucked on Annie's firm tits for a long time, obviously loving the heft and feel of them. It was exciting to see how much she loved those big tits.

After a time Lisa moved further down and spread Annie's pussy open. Her head went between her friend's legs and she began sucking Annie's clit. Annie was moaning again, her hips moving back and forth. I watched for a while, then got on the bed behind Lisa, who got on her knees with her face still in Annie's pretty pussy.

I positioned my wife's ass so I could bury my face in her crotch, inhaling her funky aroma. Her pussy lips and anal area were unaccustomedly smooth after Annie's razor treatment. I stuck my tongue in her cunt and found it wet and responsive. I licked it as deeply as I could, bringing my nose up against her asshole and rubbing it back and forth while I tongue-fucked her. At the same time I rubbed her

clit with my finger, stimulating her as much as I could. As she got hotter, I took my tongue out of her box and licked up to her asshole.

I looked over her shoulder at Annie, who was delirious from having Lisa munch on her box. The sight of her passion filled me with lust. I spread my wife's ass cheeks wide apart and zeroed in on my little pink target. I gave it a few licks around the perimeter, then pushed the tip of my tongue slowly into her tight hole. She gasped as I pushed it in and slowly began tongue-fucking her ass. I could hear her making little whimpering sounds, muffled against Annie's crotch. Soon she was moving her hips back and forth, actually fucking herself on my tongue as I continued to work her clit.

"Oh God!" she cried out after a minute, raising her face from her friend's pussy. "I need something in there! Shove something in my ass!"

I obligingly reached into the drawer of the bed table, where we keep our sex toys, and found a strand of anal beads, which we hadn't used in a while. This seemed a perfect time to get them out again. I put a little lube on them, and a little more inside Lisa's butt, then proceeded to ease the first bead into her tight rosebud. "Oh Jesus!" she groaned loudly.

"What's going on?" Annie said. She was panting heavily.

"He's putting the beads up my ass!" Lisa gasped out.

This seemed to excite Annie even more. "Oh my God, that's so hot!" she said.

Lisa said nothing more. She had stopped sucking Annie and was just lying with her head on her friend's stomach, holding on to her for dear life, moaning and groaning as I worked all six of the beads, one by one, up into her spasming asshole.

"Oh God, I want to see!" Annie exclaimed when I finished.

"Okay," I said. "Why don't you come down here with me?"

At one point Lisa bent down to kiss me, her tits resting on my chest, her hips still pumping up and down. I reached down to cup her ass in my hands and gently spread her ass cheeks apart, while Annie moved around to shoot her from behind. I felt the bead ring bouncing against my balls. I reached for it and gave it a few soft pulls, which made Lisa moan even louder.

After a while Lisa said she wanted to change positions, so she got off me with a wet pop and lay down on the bed with her legs spread wide. Her pink hole was really stretched open, and Annie went in for a close-up as I got on top of my wife and sank my dick inside her once again.

As I was pumping away, Lisa surprised me by gasping out, "Can I hit you?"

"What?" I replied, taken aback.

"I want to hit you," she panted. "Can I hit you?"

This sounded pretty kinky to me, but I thought what the hell, and told her to go for it. With that she gave me a sharp slap on the arm. It didn't really hurt much, but as I kept fucking her she began punching at my shoulders with her fists. I felt that all right, but it was so kinky that it was more of a turn-on than anything else. I grinned down at her, saying teasingly, "Is that the best you can do?"

This made her mad, and she suddenly gave me an open-handed slap across the face, then slapped me again with her other hand. Okay, this was exciting in a way, but the novelty was quickly wearing off. Thinking it was time to refocus our attention on the business at hand, I took both her hands and pinned them over her head as I drilled her harder.

"This is what you really want, isn't it?" I shouted at her. "To get power-fucked, you fucking bitch?"

"Yes!" Lisa screamed, and we proceeded to fuck each other just as hard as we could. Over the sounds of it I

heard Annie say, "Jesus, you guys are so fucking weird!"

Lisa was soon close to coming again, and so was I. At that point I pulled out of her and told her to turn over and stick her ass in the air. She did as I asked, wiggling her backside lasciviously. I rammed my dick back into her from behind, and as I felt myself getting closer I gasped out for Annie to pull the beads out of my wife's ass as I came.

Without letting go of the camera, Annie reached for the ring with her free hand. A few moments later I was spurting my first blast of jism into Lisa's squirming pussy. Annie pulled on the ring, and Lisa screamed out her own climax as the first bead emerged from her ass. Annie pulled slowly, and Lisa continued to scream as each bead came out. I watched her tight asshole open and close with each one. Annie was multitasking like a pro, continuing to hold the camera while pulling slowly on the ring. By the time the sixth and last bead came out, I was empty.

I collapsed in a sweaty heap on top of Lisa, the two of us panting like a couple of dogs. Annie turned the camera off and crawled into Lisa's arms as I rolled off her. I picked up the camera and left the two of them together while I went and watched the tape. It was as hot as I'd expected, and I was happy to have it to enjoy at my leisure. It had been a great experience, and my only regret was that I still had not actually gotten to fuck Annie. Well, maybe next time.—G.R., Dallas, Texas

TRUE FRIENDS WILL DO ANYTHING FOR—AND TO—EACH OTHER

Corinne and Laurie have been my close friends since high school. The three of us do everything together; we are BFFs—best friends forever—and we would do anything for each other. But it was only a couple of months ago that I realized just how true that was.

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Girl Meets Girl

With some difficulty, Annie slid out from under Lisa and moved down to my end of the bed. She looked mesmerized as she stared at close range at my wife's squirming ass, with the ring at the end of the string of beads hanging out of her hole.

"Oh God, Annie!" Lisa cried out. "Annie, lick me, please!"

Annie didn't hesitate. She rolled quickly onto her back and slid her head between Lisa's legs, reaching up to pull her down to her mouth. I was able to see her stick out her tongue and begin to lick at my wife's box. Lisa gave a shriek of pleasure and lowered herself further, grinding her cunt against her friend's lips.

Annie was soon going to town on that pussy, licking Lisa's clit, then sticking her tongue deep in her hole to taste the inside of her. She even stuck a finger in the bead ring and tugged on it lightly as Lisa humped her crotch against her mouth. I wanted more than anything to shove my dick in Annie's cunt while Lisa ate it, but I didn't want to press my luck. Instead I crouched between her legs and began to lick her pussy lightly. I did it tentatively at first, but when Annie gave a low moan against Lisa's crotch and spread her legs wider, I continued eating her out with increased vigor.

Annie went off first, with my tongue up her pussy and my lips sucking out her juices. A minute later, with Annie giving little licks at her clit, Lisa finally came too. Annie kept pressure on the anal beads by pulling at the ring while Lisa kept coming. It must have felt amazing, judging by Lisa's shrill screams.

When Lisa calmed down, Annie started to pull the beads out of her rectum, but Lisa stopped her. "No!" she panted. "Leave them in me! I want Gene to fuck me with the beads in my ass!" So finally I was going to get some pussy!

The video camera had been running unobtrusively all this time, but



"Annie went off first, with my tongue up her pussy. A minute later, with Annie giving little licks at her clit, Lisa came too. Annie kept pressure on the anal beads by pulling at the ring as Lisa kept coming"

now I wanted to get some closer shots of the action. I got off the bed and grabbed the camera, then handed it to Annie, asking her to film us. She thought it was a great idea, and started right in. Lisa pushed me down on my back and began sucking my cock, saying she wanted me good and hard, but I think she just enjoyed doing it for the camera. Annie immediately went in for a close-up of my dick disappearing in my wife's hungry mouth.

Given the state I was in, I knew I

wasn't going to last too long, and I told Lisa she'd better get on top of me if she wanted my dick inside her. She stopped sucking and quickly straddled my hips, looking directly into the camera—and into Annie's eyes—as she guided my cock to her pussy and slowly lowered her body over it.

Annie continued to film us, moving around to get different angles, as Lisa began to ride me, bouncing up and down on my hard pole, her moans filling the room.

Girl Meets Girl



kissed me seductively before turning to embrace each other. I hadn't realized that they'd planned to start right away, but then I thought, why not, and relaxed on the chaise, waiting for the show to begin.

Corinne, with her voluptuous breasts pushing out of her demi-cup bra, took Laurie's hands and placed them on her tits. Laurie grabbed her nipples and tugged on them as she brought her face up to Corinne's. Their tongues came out and did a little dance, twisting around each other and licking each other all over. I suspected this was for my benefit, so I could see every bit of their play.

While Laurie tugged and tweaked at Corinne's hard nipples, Corinne moved her hands to Laurie's ass, grabbing one of her cheeks in each hand and pulling them apart. Laurie's thong rode further into her crack, and she let out a long sigh as Corinne manipulated her ass. The kissing

Corinne played with Laurie's hair while Laurie made circles with her tongue from Corinne's neck down to her shoulders, then around her breasts and down her flat stomach. Purposely avoiding her crotch, she licked her way down Corinne's legs and back up again, in a slow, deliberate manner which had Corinne moaning and writhing.

On her way up, however, Laurie didn't miss a thing. Her busy tongue made its way between Corinne's legs, and stayed there. Soon Corinne's moans and groans were echoing through the room.

As I watched, intrigued and totally turned on, I raised my skirt above my legs and straddled the chaise, with a leg on each side, my hole gaping open inside my thin panties. I was getting wetter by the second, watching this beautiful girl-girl lovefest unfold before my eyes. My clit was tingling, demanding attention, and I was more

At first I was surprised, although not totally, when they asked if I would join them for a threesome. I had always suspected that they sometimes dabbled in girl-girl activity, though considering all the dick they'd devoured over the years, I knew they weren't all-out lesbians. Since I was the most conservative of the three of us, I kind of understood why they had never said anything to me before, and I wasn't really angry that they'd kept it from me. As a matter of fact, it rather turned me on.

So as we stood in Corinne's bedroom, with Corinne and Laurie dressed only in their scanties, I told them that I would absolutely love to experience an all-girl threesome. However, I added, since this was all new to me, I would like to just watch them at first, and then work my way into the action. They agreed happily, grabbing my hands and pushing me onto a fur-covered chaise longue not far from the bed. Each of them

"Corinne rose up on her elbows, watching Laurie eat her muff, and after a minute she threw her head back and let loose with a torrent of obscenities as she bucked her crotch into Laurie's face"

became more intense, with both girls really getting into it. Then, without breaking their embrace, they made it onto the bed, where they quickly stripped each other nude.

Laurie now let go of Corinne's tits and had her lie back on the pillows. Corinne's bed was very feminine, with furry pillow covers in a rainbow of colors, a chenille throw and silk sheets. Laurie took hold of a pillow and pushed it underneath Corinne's ass, raising her pelvis. She then began to lick Corinne's body all over.

than ready to answer its command. My fingers made their way under my panties to my dripping snatch, where I quickly found my engorged clit and started to circle it slowly.

By this time Laurie was lapping hungrily at Corinne's pussy, the slurping sounds driving me wild. Corinne now rose up on her elbows, watching Laurie eat her muff, and after a minute she threw her head back and let loose with a torrent of obscenities as she bucked her crotch wildly into Laurie's face. Laurie held onto her hips to



steady her as she kept up her tongue-lashing, until Corinne pulled her up by her hair.

Laurie came up with her face covered with Corinne's juices, and told Corinne to lick them off. Corinne licked up a storm, meanwhile entwining her legs around Laurie's and wedging her pussy against her thigh.

At that point my own orgasm swept over me without warning, surprising me with its suddenness and its force. Girl juice dripped onto my hand as pulse after glorious pulse sent shock waves through my body.

When I opened my eyes, Laurie and Corinne were smiling at me. I was flushed all over, and I could feel the heat coming off my body. When they asked me if I was now ready, I didn't have to be asked twice.

I made my way on shaky legs over to the bed, and my girlfriends made room for me between them. Again they each kissed me in a loving manner. Gradually, though, the kisses

became longer and more passionate.

The rest of the day was almost a blur, but a blur of sexual freedom and wantonness unlike anything I had ever known before. My friends serviced me and worshiped me like a goddess, and that was how I felt. They seduced me slowly and deliberately, and made me their plaything. And I fucking loved every bit of it! They sucked me, licked me, ate me, fucked me, thrilled me and used me over and over again. I learned that I loved getting another girl off nearly as much as getting off myself, and Corinne and Laurie rewarded me over and over with a faceful of delicious female spew.

Corinne, Laurie and I have been a sexual threesome ever since. We still fuck guys and suck dick when we feel the urge, but mostly it's just a passing fling, while with us there is a bond that can never be broken. I have never been happier, and I'm thankful to have such amazing friends. BFFs for sure!—*G.D., Paterson, New Jersey*

SHE LOVES BEING DOMINATED BY HER LEATHER-BOOTED MISTRESS

The more Carmen worked my ass, the more she drove me wild. My ass was sticking out as far as I could get it while I bent over a love seat, with Carmen standing behind me dressed only in thigh-high black leather high-heeled boots that made her about six feet tall, alternately rubbing and slapping my buttocks. She says my ass is my best feature, and she loves the feel of it, whether she's giving it rough or gentle handling.

My blood was pounding in my ears, and I was squirming with delight as Carmen told me what a bad girl I was, and how she was going to punish me for what I had done.

"Now turn around," she said, and I did. The stern look on her face made me weak with desire and anticipation. "You made me do this," she said. "I told you to suck my tits but not to make me come, and you didn't listen. Instead you made me come all over

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myself and make a mess. That was very, very bad." My knees were shaking, my ass was still tingling and my pussy was going nuts.

"Now you're going to eat my pussy," she continued. "And if you make me come before I say so, I'll bend you right back over this couch and fuck you till you scream for release—a release, let me add, that will not be forthcoming."

Oh God, she was making me wet with her words. Now she took me by the hand and I followed her to the bedroom, admiring the sway of her beautiful ass as she walked.

Carmen had me stand at the foot of the bed and watch her as she slowly lay down on it, wiggled her way to the middle and sensuously spread her legs. "Now come to me and pleasure my pussy," she said. "But remember, don't make me come until I say so, or you will be one sorry little slut. Understand?"

"Yes, Carmen," I said as I got onto the bed and crawled up between her widespread legs. She looked so stunning, lying there spread-eagled, with her ass propped up on a pillow as if making me an offering of her box. Trying to contain my eagerness, I started at the toe of her boot, licking it slavishly. I then licked my way up her left leg, lingering at the expanse of soft flesh just above her boot top.

After making eye contact with her for a moment, I turned my attention to the other leg. Again my tongue moved slowly over the smooth leather, and I licked the inviting patch of thigh at the top. Carmen was moaning and telling me to go slow, which I did as my tongue inched upward toward her glorious hole, making sure not to miss an inch of her creamy skin. As I made my way farther up her legs, her moans turned into low mewling noises. I knew she was enjoying this.

When I reached her pussy I deliberately let her feel my breath on it before moving away. She arched her hips

slightly, but I wanted to make her crazy before diving into that wonderful snatch. I now began to lick and suck her inner thighs and flat stomach, while reaching up to trace my fingers over her taut nipples. Her movements got stronger, but I continued teasing her until she ordered me to taste her.

I started by separating her pussy lips with my tongue and swiping it over her slit. Her clit peeked out, but I ignored it, pushing my tongue deep inside her until she cried out with pleasure. She then urged me to suck her clit, and after a little in-and-out play with my tongue inside her grasping pussy, I decided to give her what she wanted. I flattened my tongue and began to lick her from asshole to clit and back, pausing the top of each stroke to nibble at her small quivering pearl.

Carmen was soon thrusting her hips sharply, mashing her crotch against my face. Then suddenly she screamed, "Oh God, yes! Make me come! Do it! Do it now!"

And that's just what I did. My tongue was like a whirlwind on her button as I swirled and licked and nibbled, and when I stuck a finger up her ass at the same time Carmen screamed at the top of her lungs and went off like a rocket, clamping her legs around my head as her hips thrust wildly up and down. Soon my face was slick with her delicious come, and I licked up as much of it as I could with her legs squeezing my head that way.

When her legs finally slackened she tried to push me away, but I held on to her hips and kept my face buried in her crotch as I sucked her clit until she came again.

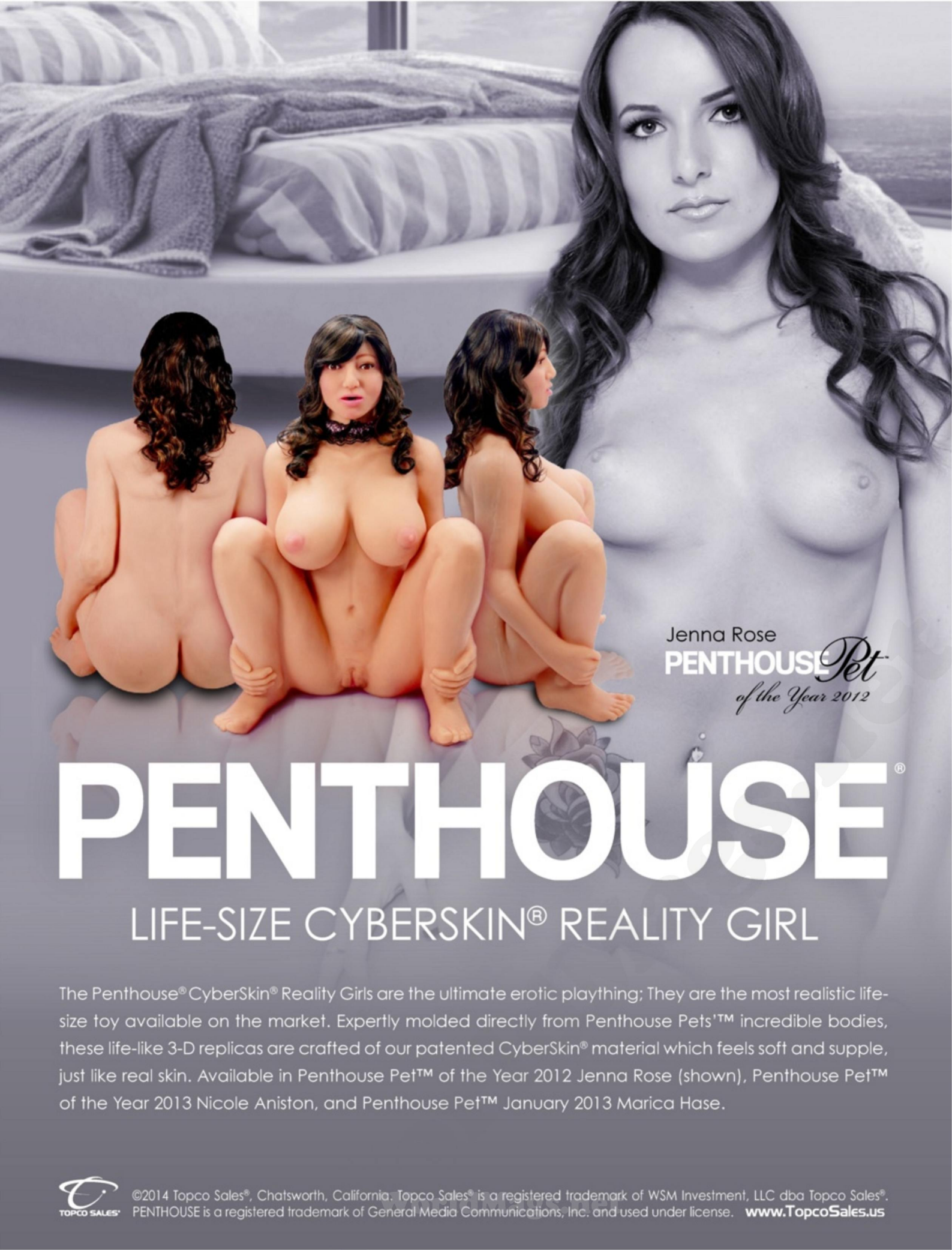
Carmen was happy with my performance, but I got fucked anyway, with the longest, thickest dildo she could find, because that was what she wanted to do, and after all, it's all about her. But she was good enough to let me come this time. She is the best, most thrilling lover I ever had,

and I am just so happy that she is the boss of me!—*T.L., Santa Fe, New Mexico*

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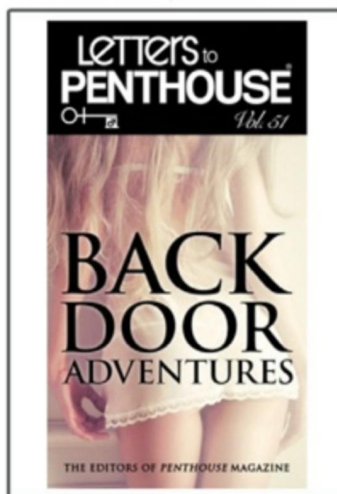
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HOT PINK & WET

ONLY

89

LIVE ONE-ON-ONE

¢ PER MIN

1-800-TO-WHORE

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Adults 18+ only
+ Small \$3.89 connect fee. Credit card, Check by Phone A012

CUM FUCK A TEEN WHORE!*

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LIVE! 1on1

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1-800-TO-WHORE

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18+

ALWAYS LIVE & ALWAYS HORNY!

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7 4 3 6 2 5 3

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HD VOICE

A001

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...EAT IT!!!

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A034

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*At least 18 yrs of age. Credit card/adults 18+ only

A014

HEY MISTER...

...FEEL FOR YOURSELF HOW WET I GET!

1-800-WET-TEEN
9 3 8 8 3 3 6

HD VOICE

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A004

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DIRTY. NASTY XXX SEX!

ONLY

89

LIVE!
ONE-ON-ONE

¢

PER MIN

1-800-TO-WHORE

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HOT & DRIPPING WET!

ONLY

89

LIVE!
1 on 1

¢

PER MIN

1-800-TO-WHORE

8 6 9 4 6 7 3

Adults 18+ only
+ Small \$3.89 connect fee. Credit card, Check by Phone A023

***TEENS READY TO FUCK!**

ONLY

89

LIVE!
1 on 1

¢

PER MIN

1-800-TO-WHORE

8 6 9 4 6 7 3

*At least 18 yrs of age. Credit card/adults 18+ only A020

18+

1-800

**THE ONE
AND ONLY!**

JACK

5 2 2 5

OFF

6 3 3

**JUICY
+ READY!**



FOR A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE...

1-888-JACK-OFF

5 2 2 5 6 3 3

Most major credit cards accepted & Check by Phone, \$1.98 to \$3.98 per/min. plus a small \$2.98 connection fee.

A047

ONLY ***CUM & FIND OUT HOW NAUGHTY I'VE BEEN!**

89¢ **PER MIN**

1-800-TO-WHORE 8 6 9 4 6 7 3

A021 *At least 18 yrs of age. Credit card / adults 18+ only

LIVE! 1 on 1!



HOT PINK & WET

ONLY **LIVE ONE-ON-ONE**

89¢ **PER MIN**

1-800-TO-WHORE 8 6 9 4 6 7 3

Adults 18+ only + Small \$3.89 connect fee. Credit card, Check by Phone A012

***TEENS READY TO FUCK!**

ONLY **LIVE! 1 on 1**

89¢ **PER MIN**

1-800-TO-WHORE 8 6 9 4 6 7 3

*At least 18 yrs of age. Credit card/adults 18+ only A020

LIVE! 1 on 1! **ONLY** **I'LL BE YOUR TEENAGE WET DREAM!***

89¢ **PER MIN**

1-800-TO-WHORE 8 6 9 4 6 7 3

*At least 18 yrs of age. Credit card / adults 18+ only A015



THE ONE AND ONLY!

1-800 JACK OFF 5 2 2 5 6 3 3

1-888 ← R U KINKY?

1-888 JACK-OFF 5 2 2 5 6 3 3

18+

LIVE SEX 24 HOURS

Can I SUCK IT, pretty pleeeeaase?

Most major credit cards accepted & check by phone: \$1.98 to \$3.98 per/min. plus a small \$2.98 connection fee. A027





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A026

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ONLY 89¢ PER MIN

LIVE! ONE-ON-ONE

1-800-TO-WHORE
8 6 9 4 6 7 3

A031

*At least 18 yrs of age. Credit card/adults 18+ only

HOT WET XXX SEX!

ONLY 89¢ PER MIN

LIVE ONE-ON-ONE

1-800-TO-WHORE
8 6 9 4 6 7 3

A024

*At least 18 yrs of age. Credit card/adults 18+ only

ONLY 89¢ PER MIN

LICK IT! SUCK IT! C'MON BABY! FUCK IT!!

1-800-TO-WHORE
8 6 9 4 6 7 3

A030

*At least 18 yrs of age. Credit card / adults 18+ only

HEY MISTER...

1-800-WET-TEEN
9 3 8 8 3 3 6

...FEEL FOR YOURSELF HOW WET I GET!

HD VOICE

A004

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